Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER 1993 $10.95*

BLACK LABEL EDITION

Vice War
Manila's anti-sex crusade

Grant Kenny
The iron man goes gold

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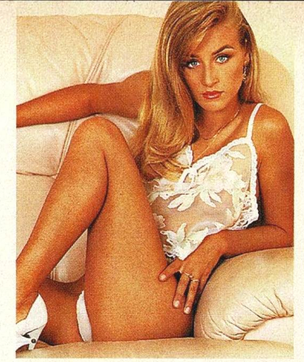

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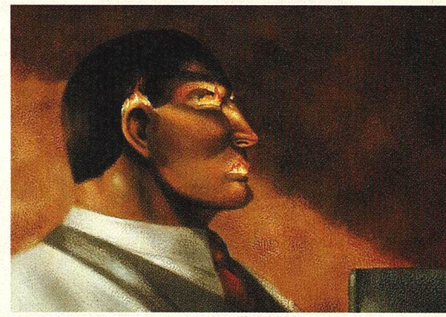
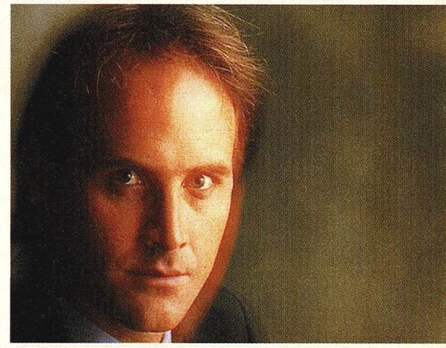


Backlash



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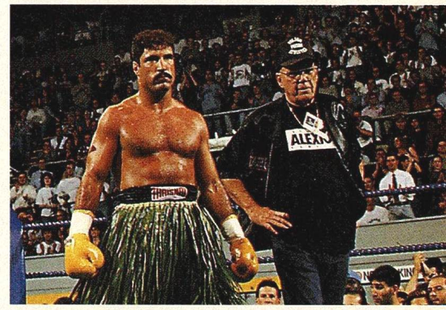

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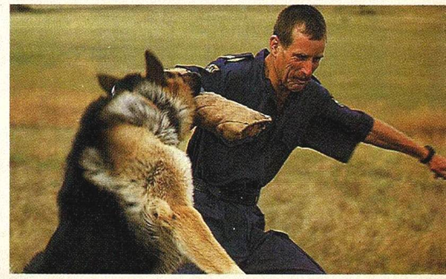
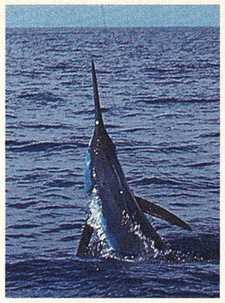
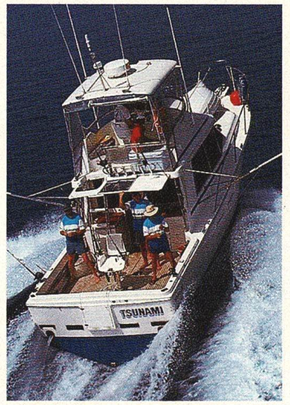
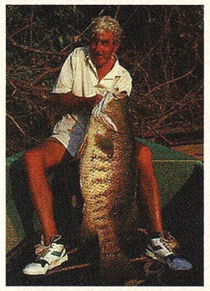
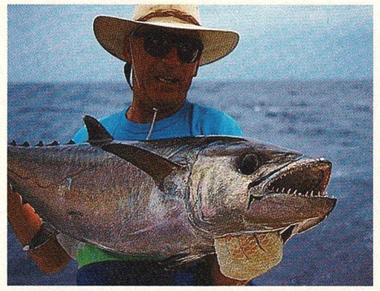


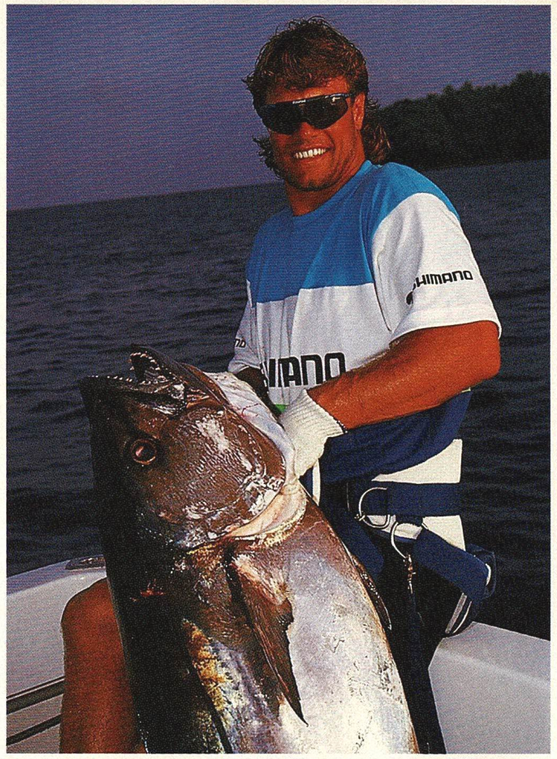
Working like a dog





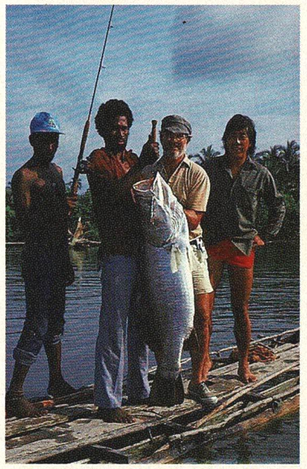


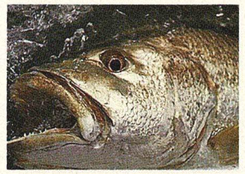


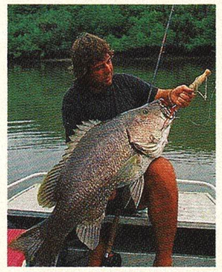


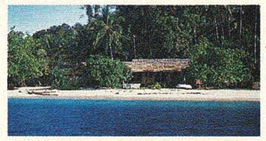
League Star Andrew "ET" Ettingshausen with a P.N.G. dogtooth tuna.

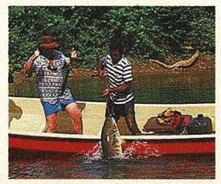
Sportfishing Adventures in Papua New Guinea











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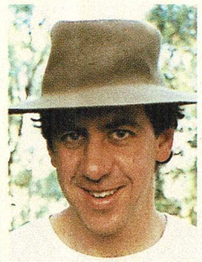
ADVERTISING
Advertising and Marketing Director: Howard Jenkins; *National Sales Manager:* Patrick Campbell; *Advertising Traffic Manager:* Cynthia Ragga; *Vic:* Brown Orr Fletcher Burrows P/L, 95 Palmerston Crescent, South Melbourne 3205. Tel: (03) 696 5188 Fax: (03) 696 5131; *SA:* Tony Giuliani, Cumberland Media, 12 Eaton Street, Cumberland Park 5041. Tel: (08) 373 1142, Fax: (03) 272 8302; *Qld:* Geoff Horne Agencies Pty Ltd, PO Box 247, Kenmore 4069. Tel: (07) 202 6444 Fax: (07) 202 7133; *New Zealand:* David Meyer, Rugby Press Ltd, PO Box 100-243, North Shore Mail Centre, Auckland 10. Tel: (09) 443 0250. Fax: (09) 443 0249; *Japan:* Universal Media Corporation, CPO Box 46, Tokyo. Tel: 3666
3036 Telex: 2524665 (KANDKJ),
PUBLISHERS
Published in collaboration with Penthouse Publications Ltd c/o Stephens Innocent, Columbia House, 69 Aldwych, London WC2B 4DU England. Edited by Gem Kilt Publishing Pty Ltd, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062.
EDITORIAL OFFICES
Gemkilt Publishing Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Facsimile: (02) 922 6284.
ADVERTISING OFFICES
Gemkilt Publishing Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677, Telex AA 27833. Facsimile: (02) 922 6284.
DISTRIBUTORS
Gordon & Gotch Ltd.
PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD
(*US edition*)
Bob Guccione (*Chairman and Chief Executive Officer*); Kathy Keeton (*Vice-Chairman*); David J. Myerson (*President and Chief Operating Officer*); William F. Marlieb (*President, Marketing & Adv. Sales*); Richard Cohen *(Treasurer)*; George Rojas *(Manager, International Division)*.
EDITORIAL
Editor-in-Chief & Publisher: Bob Guccione; *Sr VP/Graphics Director:* Frank De Vino; *VP/Art Director Intl:* Joe Brooks: *Art Director:* Dwayne Flinchum; *Editor:* Peter Bloch; *Managing Editor:* Barbara Rice.
ADMINISTRATIVE
Sr VP/Administrative Services: Jeri Winston; *Sr VP/Associate Publisher:* Don Myrus;
EDITORIAL OFFICES
New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel: (212) 496-6100. *West Coast:* 6728 Eton Ave, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303 Tel: (818) 992-4777.
FOREIGN EDITIONS
France: Editions des Savanes, 65 Avenue des Champs-Elysees, 75008 Paris; *Germany:* Petri Verlag, Buttermelcherstr. 16, 8000 Muenchen 5 Germany; *Holland:* Magasell NV, Saxen Weimarlaan 39A 1075 BZ Amsterdam, The Netherlands; *Hong Kong:* Yongder Hall Ltd, 661 King's Rd, Quarry Bay; *Mexico:* Editorial Multicolour, S.A. DE C.V. Lago Mayor 186 Col. Anahuac Mexico, D.F. 11320; *Russia*; JV Diawest, Kleine Neugasse 8/4 1040 Vienna, Austria; *South Africa:* Essay Media (Pty) Ltd, PO Box 52234, Saxonwold 2132; *Spain:* Editorial Formentera SA, Calle Rocafort 104, 08015 Barcelona; *Turkey*; Bir Numara Yayincilik A.S. Medya Plaza 34540 Gunesli-Istanbul, Turkey; *UK:* Sightline Publications Ltd, PO Box 381, Mill Harbour, London e14 9TW.

housecall

VICE WARS
Paul Wilson is an academic, an author and a journalist who has written previous stories for *Penthouse* about the Philippines and the link between pornography and crime. Wilson has a particular interest in censorship and has helped establish a group to fight it. On page 34 he dons his journalist's hat and writes about the demise of one of the world's best-known red-light zones and destination for thousands of Australians every year: Manila's Ermita district. Wilson reports on the new Mayor of Manila, General Lim, whose police force is closing down brothels and bars and harassing tourists in an attempt to drive the sex trade from his jurisdiction. Photographs from *AAP*.

PAUL WILSON

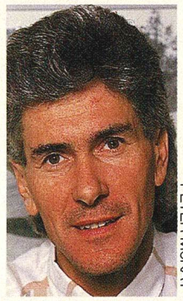


MARK REED

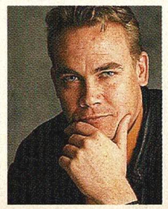
GTS 1000
It's big, fast and expensive and makes people stop and stare whenever it goes out in public. The GTS 1000 is the latest in a line of hi-tech offerings from the Japanese bike maker, Yamaha; it's a strange-looking machine that grabs attention with a single swinging arm at the front rather than the two front forks of every other motorbike. On page 22, Queensland freelance journalist **Mark Reed** test rides the $21,000 GTS 1000. Reed is a one-time bike racer and the former editor of *Australian Trail And Track* magazine. He now writes for a variety of publications and is the publicist for several bike racers. Photographs by **Andrew Clubb**.

BLUE CHIP MAN
Times have certainly changed for the Olympic Games bronze medallist kayaker and iron man star, Grant Kenny. While some top sportspeople have trouble just maintaining peak performance, Kenny balances a family and Sunshine Coast tourism interests with iron man promotion and training for another kayaking medal at the Atlanta Olympics. At the same time he oversees the property developments that he and wife Lisa Curry-Kenny are financing. It's a tall order, but as **Richard Sleeman** reports on page 50, Kenny is more than up to the task. Sleeman is a Sydney journalist and regular contributor to *Penthouse*. His last story was a profile of Darren Clark. Main photograph by **Geoff Howden**.

POWER AND THE GLORY
It has been eight years since Motoring Editor, **Peter McKay**, first started writing for *Australian Penthouse*. Along the way McKay has written about the Honda NSX, racing at the 24 hour Spa-Francorchamps, rallying in Western Australia, the plight of the Australian car industry, the rise of the Japanese luxury car industry, the supercharged Range Rover and the car as an endangered species. This month the always-busy and often controversial Sydney journalist enjoys a perk of his profession when he travels to Los Angeles to test drive the new V10 sports car from Dodge: the Viper. The two-seater, six-speed, 8.0 litre beast is a car that Tom Cruise is standing in line to own. Find out why on page 18.



PETER McKAY



TIM DONNELLAN

MELISSA
This month's cover, like all the *Penthouse* covers of the past three years, was designed by Art Director, **Tim Donnellan**. Donnellan has worked in magazine art departments for 15 years since leaving art school in his late teens and joining Australian Consolidated Press as a cadet. He has worked on *Cleo, Australian Business Monthly, Playboy, The Bulletin* and *Gourmet*. On page 54, see how Donnellan designs the pictorials of the Pet of the Month, Melissa Messina, as photographed by **Bruce Coulter**.

A dialogue between readers and editors concerning the content of Australian Penthouse. Letters for publication should carry name and address, although these will be withheld on request. Send to Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

feedback

Raw deal for blokes

You have got to be joking! Returning from the United States this month, I stopped in at the local newsagent to check out my favourite girlie mag, *Australian Penthouse,* and was shocked to find a complete absence of female genitalia.

My disappointment was made all the more ironic by the fact that women's magazines further along were full of shots in which men were exposing their genitals.

So what's going on? Has *Penthouse* gone conservative, or has hypocritical feminist pressure led to double standards emerging within Australia's censorship procedures while I've been away? Either way, the Aussie bloke seems to be getting a raw deal. — *M. Kennedy, Yarrawarra, NSW*

The "softening" of pictorials in the National Edition of Australian Penthouse *is due to increasingly conservative rulings by the Office of Film and Literature Classification.* – Ed

Capped off

I have been an intermittent Black Label subscriber for quite a few years. I have just received the August 1993 edition and feel driven to write.

The pictorials in your magazine seem to vary immensely. In June 1993 we were given a great series of pictorials from the Pet Of The Year to the coupling "Couples." You seemed to go off track somewhere in July 1993 but in August 1993 the people photographing and selecting layouts must have been mentally out to lunch. In particular, the photos of the Cappers were a complete waste of space.

If I may reiterate Darren Slade's comments in February 1993 Feedback "...if they won't show their pink bits, don't put 'em in Black Label".

Furthermore, I had hoped that we would see the type of detailed and incisive social and political reporting which made the US edition of *Penthouse* famous. Instead we appear to cop "fast food" journalism, with so little actual substance in most articles that I read them in only a couple of minutes. Even when there are articles of significance, they tend to be so truncated that there is a general feeling of dissatisfaction after reading them, rather than the pleasurable

Leisa Ryan — Simply the best!

appreciation of a piece of detailed, well-written journalism (eg Paul Wilson's article in July 1993).

You like to boast of the size and quality of your readership. How about giving us a magazine which reflects this standard of readership rather than an up-market *National Enquirer* with tits. — *Name and address withheld*

Unfair to UNTAC

I have just read the article "Club Cambodia" in the July issue of your magazine. Being a soldier in the Australian contingent over here in Cambodia, I found it very interesting.

It is refreshing to know that Chris Pritchard has become an expert on UNTAC affairs after a few days of pub crawling. Is this what modern-day journalism has become? My own belief of accurate journalism has always been that it should be unbiased and incorporate the whole picture. Obviously I am wrong. This article is not the only piece to misrepresent UNTAC. After being here for three months, I'm amazed at the incompetence of the media and its tunnel vision on reports and stories in Cambodia.

Sure UNTAC has caused problems in the country, I'd be a fool to deny that. But it has also helped a lot of people. The article did not mention the Australian medics administering first aid to local people; the orphan fund we run here in Battambang; the schools, bridges, roads; the mine clearance; the increase of employment; the children we feed; the tonnes of food flown daily; and the small election we oversaw.

I must be mistaken for I'm not a journalist and so I can't see things as they truly are. Unfortunately, I'm just an Australian soldier blind to his surroundings but proud to be here. — *Name and address withheld*

Blonde on blonde

Congratulations on an excellent magazine. I have been a subscriber for three years and have never had reason to complain — until now. I mean, Joanne and Warwick Capper! Come on now, who really cares what they do in the bedroom?

If you must have them in your otherwise quality magazine, could you at least make them wear name tags — I couldn't tell who was who! — *Confused, Melbourne, Vic*

Lovely Leisa

I would like to write to express my thorough appreciation for your June edition, especially for showcasing the absolutely stunning Leisa Ryan of Brisbane. Circulation figures should have soared just by having this beauty posing in black lingerie on your dynamite cover. One look and I purchased without hesitation. Her pictorial was sublime, bold and daring. I especially loved the inviting photo of her in the sailor's cap, while the varieties of lingerie she wore, whether black or white, were exquisite.

As a long-time reader, could you pass on my thanks to Leisa and tell her that in my book, she's simply the best. — *Patrick Barton, Wellington, NZ*

The Loe down

Thank you for the profile on Richard Loe. As an ardent Rugby Union fan I was keen to see the reaction to the deeds and misadventures of one of the game's most controversial players. Trevor McKewen's article was well-researched, efficiently written, entertaining and above all superbly timed to coincide with the Bledisloe Cup match. — *Jay Wentworth, Seven Hills, NSW*

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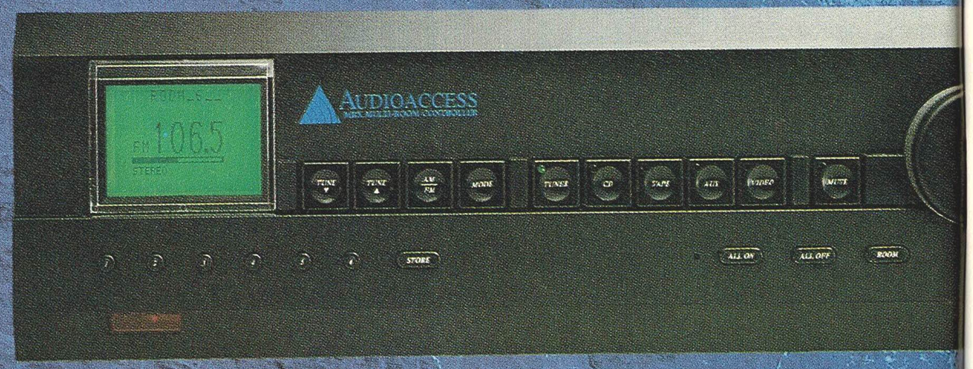

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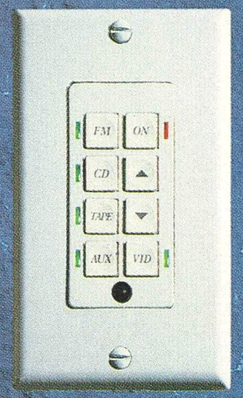

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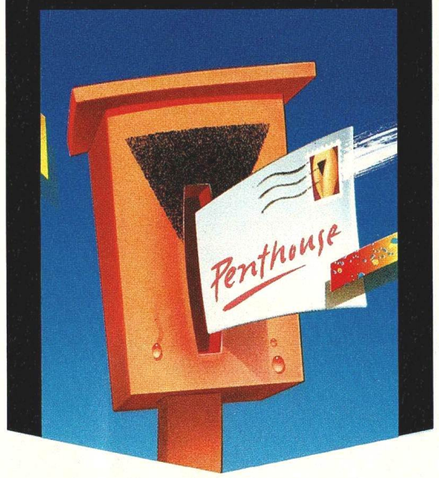

forum

Show off

I'm a 23-year-old legal secretary with blonde hair and a great body, even if I say so myself. I always enjoy going to a particular beach south of Sydney where I can get all my gear off and enjoy the sun beating down on my body. It's sort of a nudist beach, where most of its patrons get all their gear off without being hassled by wowsers.

This particular stinking hot day I hit the beach wearing a G-string, a sheer top, which acted as a dress, and a smile. I love having guys get a good look at me as I walk from my car along the beach to my little secluded hideaway. This particular day, I saw a group of four guys mucking around on the beach. One of the guys, Greg, was an old boyfriend and I smiled and waved. He reciprocated by stopping his game of footy and saying, "Hi."

Not all that exciting an encounter, but I did manage to stop their game as they all took in a good eyeful of my tits. Having only had seven lovers, no-one could call me a slut. I am, however, a shameless exhibitionist who gets off on displaying my body.

Anyway, I found my favourite spot behind some rocks so I put my towel down and peeled my top and my G-string off. While still standing, I took my bottle of suntan lotion and rubbed it all over my body, which the guys could only see part of (from the hips up). The guys were all watching me, but hey, it is a nudist beach. I crouched down and lay back on my towel to enjoy the sun.

After about 20 minutes, Greg appeared around the rocks and said, "I see you still enjoy getting a good suntan." This woke me from my semi-slumber. I sat up and found him standing just a couple of metres in front of me. I was so surprised to see him there I momentarily forgot I was naked. He must have had a great view of my cunt. When I realised I was nude, I tried to act natural but found I was getting turned on exchanging small talk while naked.

To keep up the pretence, I lifted my knees and lent back, ensuring my cunt lips would be on full view. It was so exciting talking to Greg that I occasionally looked away to give him a good look at my cunt, which was must have been glistening in the sun.

I could see Greg's cock starting to grow, so, feeling brave, I asked him to join me. As first he seemed uneasy, but finally he eased his board shorts down revealing a semi-erect penis. The combination of the sun, the smell of the sea and having a cock only inches away was really turning me on. Regardless, I had no intention of fucking Greg, or anyone for that matter, but I was certainly going to make everyone horny.

I invited Greg to apply suntan lotion to my back. I turned over, lay down and he started rubbing the lotion into my back. He rubbed it into my back, briefly over my buttocks, and down the outside of my legs. Then he started to work his way back up the inside of my legs. To make it easier for him I spread my legs a little so that my feet were about ten centimetres apart.

As Greg got back to my upper inner thigh I opened my legs a little further, thinking that if he touched my pussy I'd call a stop to his horseplay. Instead, he went back to my buttocks and lathered them in lotion, running the palm of his hand over my cheeks. He then poured a lot of lotion into the top of my crack and let it run down to my anus, over my lips and pool on the towel. This felt magnificent. I noticed myself moaning in pleasure as I had never felt such a wonderful sensation.

I raised my hips slightly hoping that he would just once touch my anus with his finger. Instead he stopped.

I looked over to him and he said, "I wonder if you could put some on for me?" Smiling like a Cheshire cat, he lay on his back with his cock pointing towards the heavens.

I knelt over Greg and let the warm oil dribble down from his chest to the top of his thighs, with a liberal coating on his stiff member. Greg shut his eyes and I considered how I would handle the situation, so to speak. I was so fucking horny, I felt like just laying back and fingering myself there and then.

After I'd finished his chest, I moved my hands down to his cock. Greg opened his eyes and smiled as I moved the oil all around, but not on, his penis. All of sudden, Greg grabbed his cock and started to pump it. His other hand gently pulled my head towards his cock. At first I resisted, but I was so overcome with lust I eventually leant forward and swallowed his oily cock.

Passion and desire compounded as his meat touched my throat and I became consumed with lust. I sucked for all I was worth, forgetting I was on a beach, in broad daylight, naked.

Greg stopped me and flipped me over. I felt his fingers exploring my anus and cunt. I wanted him to fuck me so bad that I brought my knees forward and stuck my arse stuck into the air. I looked back to see Greg's cock edging towards my pussy. I put my head down, closed my eyes and felt Greg's cock slowly work its way into my cunt. I was in seventh heaven as his cock slid all the way in. Greg fucked me as an oiled finger probed my anus. I reached down and fondled his balls between his legs. His paced increased and I could feel his cock swell in my pussy. Greg lay me down on my back, raised my legs poured a heap of oil on my cunt and slipped his prick in. He pounded away, his face twisting with pleasure.

I was frantic, possessed by lust. I

Forum

urged him to spin around into a 69 position. After a minute of fucking he did. I got on top and lowered my pussy down onto his mouth. I took his oiled cock deep into my throat as his tongue did magic with my lips. He slipped three fingers in my cunt and begin to saw in and out as his tongue went into my arsehole. How can I describe the ecstasy?

With a mouthful of cock, I looked up to see Greg's three friends walk around the rock in search of Greg. I wasn't stopping for anyone. Greg raised his hips and thrust his prick into my mouth while I rubbed my clit against his palm. His friends just stared in amazement. As Greg's thrusts became frenzied, his friends walked over and kneeled down. They were not a metre away when Greg and I came.

They had a ringside seat as Greg shot load after load into my mouth. After I'd swallowed his jism, I completed the show by giving Greg's cock a tongue lashing.

Two of Greg's friends dropped their pants and started to wank, pointing their cocks towards my jism-covered lips and mouth, hoping that I'd do them as well.

I didn't. Like I said, I'm an exhibitionist, not a slut. — *Name and address withheld*

Moonlighting

Having been divorced for a few years, I have few avenues for sexual release. The other night my need for release verged on desperation so I presented myself to one of the better known brothels in the Kings Cross.

Although this wasn't the first time that I'd visited this house of ill repute, I was, as I always am, a little shy and awkward with the experience.

So when the receptionist took me through and introduced me to the girls on duty that evening, I was not really paying that much attention. I focused in on a tall large-breasted brunette of stunningly lush proportions that seemed to be smiling nervously. She was introduced to me as Renee.

I recognised something vaguely familiar about Renee and indicated that she was my choice. She led me off to one of the luxurious rooms in the house where we chatted and cleared away the financial arrangements.

I could see that Renee was becoming quite flustered and embarrassed as well, particularly when I commented that she seemed familiar to me. She seemed relieved when I added, that I must have seen her when I was here last time.

Renee asked me to have a shower whilst she left for a few moments to get some drinks. Before leaving she switched on an erotic movie on the television. A few minutes later I was sitting on the bed wearing nothing but a towel watching the action, when Renee returned.

Renee turned the volume down on the TV and the in-house music up.

Standing in front of me, she proceeded to do one of the most erotic and sensual striptease acts I have ever seen. I was particularly awe-struck as she removed her bra and let her large but firm breasts swing free. Moving the few steps forward to me, she put her arm 'round my head and pulled my face in between her magnificent mammaries. I barely noticed her other hand move down to graze my lengthening and thickening cock.

I let out a low growl of pleasure and satisfaction at the expert attention my member was receiving. I reached around her hips and, meeting no resistance, rolled her panties down while gently massaging the globes of her delicious arse. I caught the unmistakable smell of female arousal — Renee was getting oiled up over the performance she was putting on. I confirmed this by moving my hands from her arse and easing them gently between her legs. Renee, taking a short sideways step to spread her legs, let out a gentle breathless sigh as I rested my warm hand on her neatly

Continued on page 118

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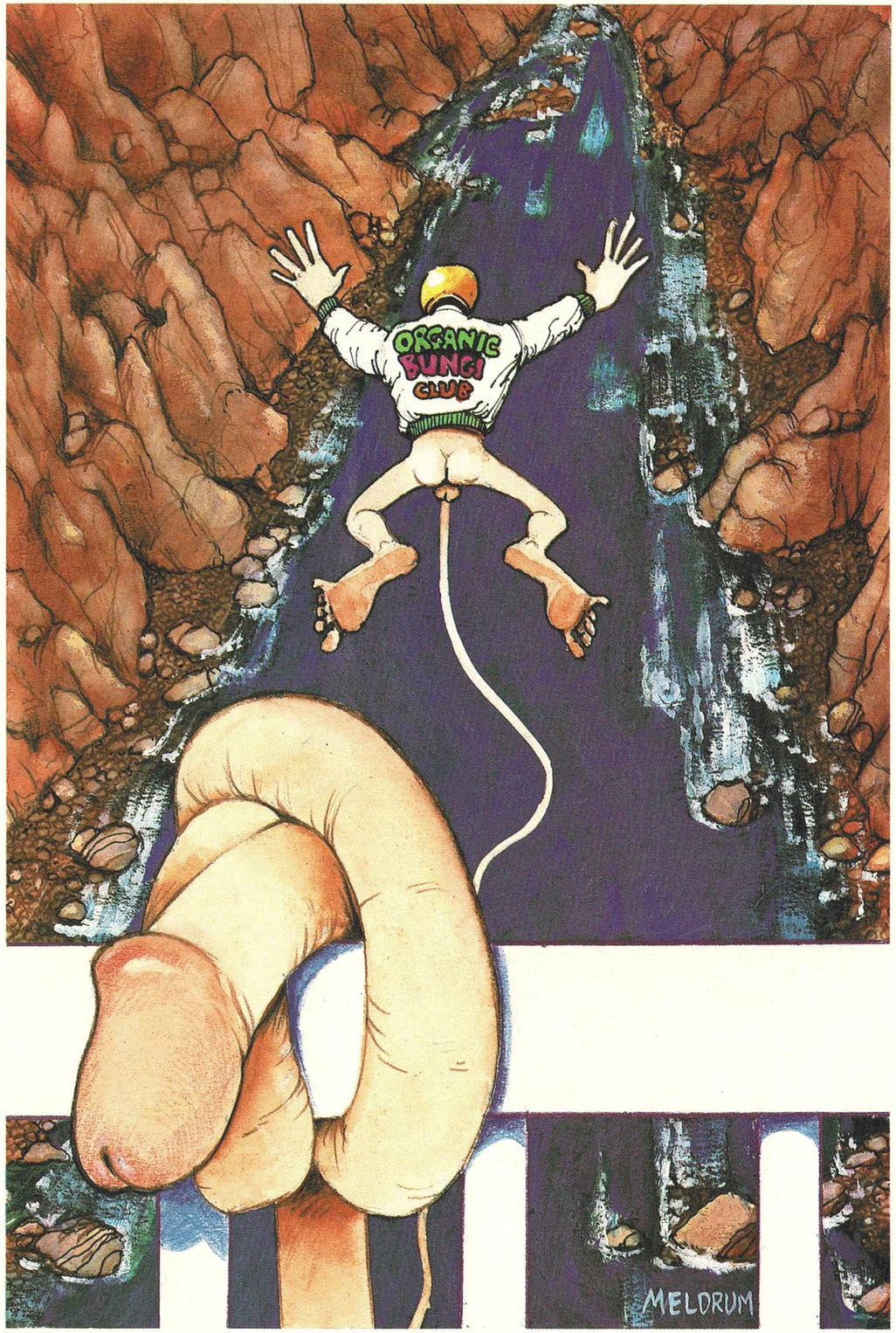

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Hocus-Pocus

Nineties McSpiritualists are toil and trouble

When Ronnie Reagan started fighting the Commies with the aid of three tarot readers, a channeller, two psychics and a political astrologer, it was obvious the man needed help. But when that official of the English Test and County Cricket Board publicly fell to gibbering about the Moon being in Venus, there had to be something in the water.

Yes, the end of this century is just too damn confusing for many people to get a grip on. And who can blame them? The Nineties is a time-collapse of medical madness, environmental panic, media hysteria and political black farce.

The Modern Man says McSpiritualism is the female crackhouse

But while the Modern Man can keep the Neurotic Nineties at bay with a bag of Callaways and a few gins at the nineteenth, women who find themselves in a long-term funk about the "meaning of it all" are marching like lemmings to the fast food convenience of McSpiritualism.

Wherever the Modern Man looks are the disturbing signs of a society so confused with itself that people would rather talk to a crystal than say hello to the person sitting next to them on the bus. The McSpiritualism movement is so out of control in this country that women who have given up on family, feminism and God are now paying for ghosts with Cheyenne names ... all channelled through a McSpiritualist who's read enough Mills And Boon to know what confused women want to hear.

Urban culture has divorced itself so far from life's realities that even the over-subscribed Eighties' cult of the hypochondriac is giving way to the hordes who go to "channellers"; those gypsy swindlers who tell every male client that they used to be Julius Caesar or Alexander The Great and let their female clients remember what it was like to have asps bite their bosoms or get a glass slipper as an engagement present.

Karl Marx said religion is the opium of the people. The Modern Man says McSpiritualism is the female crackhouse.

The Nineties bloke can't look sideways without these women wanting to talk about a strange world where lumps of crystal tell them that life's okay and so-called

Illustration by Drahos Zak

Hocus-Pocus

guide spirits with Omar Sharif accents give them profound advice like: "the answer is inside you but don't take your eyes off the eagle on the mountain."

And why are all guide spirits male and always look like Lou Diamond Phillips and dress like Hiawatha? Probably for the same reason McSpiritualist women all had a past life as a peasant in ancient Rome, where the Emperor falls in love with her but can't marry her because she's a peasant but then realises she is really a princess and marries her ... and their love stops the Emperor smiting a whole tribe of Assyrians.

Dealing with spirit people in everyday life is not too difficult. There's only so many times a workmate can get away with saying something about your negative aura or misaligned chakra before she realises those blank stares are a polite way of saying something else.

The real problem comes when the contemporary bloke finds himself in relationships with McSpiritualist women. These females come in different shades of loopiness. There are the relatively sane ones who sulk for three days because they had a dream that their man was with another woman. These women freak out over ghost stories and have a standard argument that goes something like: "okay then smart arse, what about Nostradamus?"

But the more dangerous partners are the ones who study their paranoia. These people have no sense of humour when it comes to McSpiritualism and the Modern Man is best advised to shut up and watch the footy when she says that Ramtha, Lazarus or some some other bloke who she can't even see is charging $400 per morning to tell her she is a very special person.

The worst of this female breed is the one who's read a woman's book about "the inner wolf". When this Wolf Woman starts up about her really being a wild animal, it is necessary for survival that one keeps a straight face. To tell this type of woman that you've never seen a wolf in Target sweats and pink fluffy slippers could be the last thing you tell anybody. Don't even think about reminding her that last week she was a Lion born in the Dragon.

There is no come back to these subjects anyway. How does one convince the wannabe witch that black cats are not McSpiritual, that they just want to be fed on time like any spoiled moggie?

Is there a logical way to tell one's partner that pentangles, goats' heads and anything vaguely Maori is no guarantee of instant spiritual strangeness? How do you react when a girl who smokes Winnie Blues and says "done" when she means "did", tells you she used to be an Hungarian duchess?

The only bonuses for the man of dignity are the new pick-up lines that actually work. One can now say: "I'd like to blend auras with your heart Chakra because I sense very strongly that our Karma is intertwined; I was in Atlantis too."

Of course, this is all yuppie garbage. For *real* spiritual visions, the Modern Man recommends four days of sleep deprivation followed by a couple of Revonals washed down with a tumbler of Gordons. Now *that's* spiritualism, Nineties style. — *Mark Abernethy*

Halfway through his tax return,
Herman decided to write off his marriage as a total loss.

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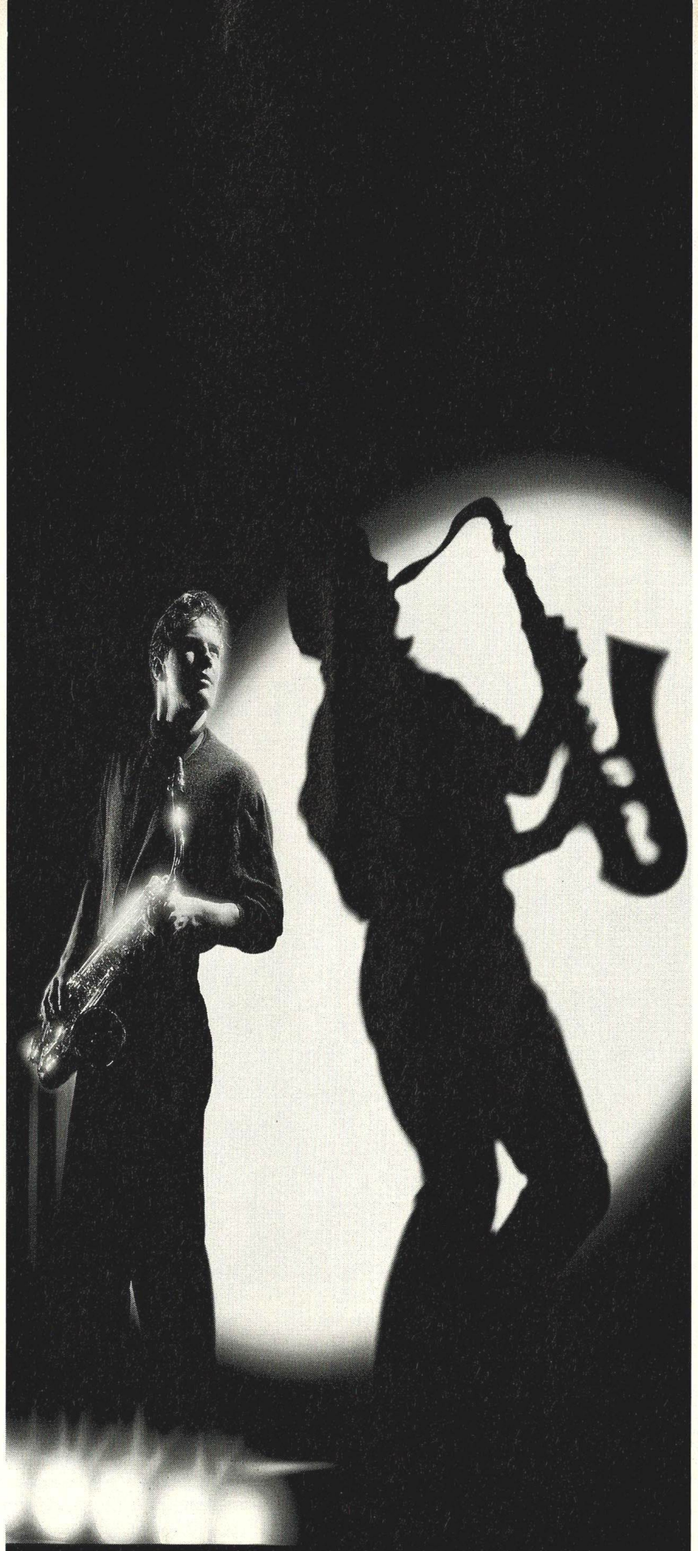

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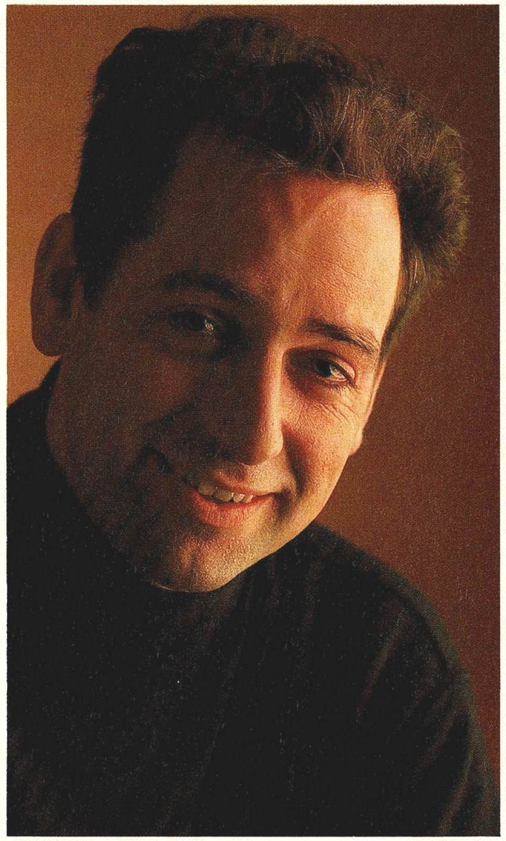

What do you sing in the shower?
I'm tone deaf and I never know the lyrics, don't encourage me.
Do you have any unfulfilled ambitions?
To fly in a jet fighter like the FA18 and get home one night to find Cindy Crawford has left yet another message on my answering machine.
Who would you most like to spend an evening with?
That girl who extinguishes the radiator in a deodorant ad. At first I thought I was just being shallow, I've since realised that my desire is more deep and meaningful.
What movie character would you most like to be?
The neurosurgeon in *Days Of Thunder.* After casting Nicole Kidman in that role, choosing me would look like a stroke of pure genius.
What makes you want to throw a stubbie at the TV?
Michael Hutchence presenting awards, and any ad that suggests that after 50 years of being arseholes, Telecom are now there to serve us.
How do you relax?
Fly-fishing, golf — I sound like a retiree.
What's the sexiest thing in a woman?
To paraphrase Keats, "her arse". Girls being forward with the confidence to carry it off ... that's a pretty sexy quality, that studious look they give laboratory assistants in detergent ads ... actually now I'm being silly.
What sport would you play as a professional if you had the chance?
Golf, you'd make your name by just having dress sense.
Do you regret anything?
Not keeping up with friends.
How would you describe yourself?
In a speech delivered by Leonard Teale, his style would make anyone sound good.
What gets you down?
The amount of 24 carat coits that get taken seriously in Australia.
Where do you want to be ten years from now?
Married to Uma Thurman.
If you were a power-tool, what would you be and why?
An angle-grinder — so I could finally find out what one is.
What do you want to be buried with?
A dixieland band playing. My close friends would know how much I'd hate that and laugh.
If you could be any star sign, what would you be and why?
I hate horoscopes.
At school, what did your peers think would become of you?
That I'd begin every day of my working life with the phrase, "Hello can I take your order?"
What's your idea of kinky sex?
Doing it with the same person for 50 years... my, how things have changed.
What really pisses you off?
The fact that no-one gets charged for insider trading in this country; parking fines and having to grow up.
What's your favourite saying?
When you've fucked up and a friend says, "Brilliant, that's just fucking brilliant."
What was the last book you read?
If you don't count "The Phantom" as a book, I'd have to say *Year 501* by Noam Chomsky.
What was the first book you read?
Some Dr Seuss thing about a fish that grew or something, there was very little plot.
Who do you admire in your field?
David Letterman, the American talk show host; John Clarke, you can admire him on a number of levels, brilliant, generous, committed...take your pick.
What musical recording would you give to your worst enemy?
A selection of records by Pink Floyd. Any celebrity rap.
What's your favourite drink?
Really heavy red wine.
What makes you proud?
Saying it like it is — too many Australians in public life bullshit.

Photo by Glenn Gibson

Our readers are generally house-proud so it was not unexpected when we received requests to produce a quality binder in which copies of Australian Penthouse could be kept.

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The Vietnam fun park

Vietnam is turning war relics into Western dollars

The tunnels of Cu Chi have opened up to swallow Westerners — part of the national thrust to turn the People's Republic of Vietnam into a giant Vietnam War theme park.

In Hanoi, tourists photograph each other inside the wreckage of a B52 bomber. In Saigon, backpackers huddle beneath the grey walls and gun-towers of the former US Embassy. In Cu Chi, part of the district they used to call the Iron Triangle, travellers go potholing in the underground fortresses of the Viet Cong.

National Liberation Front guerillas who once fought in the tunnels now serve as guides. They brew Chinese tea under defoliated trees while ex-soldiers of the South Vietnamese army, who speak better English, explain the history of the area with maps and diagrams.

The tunnel system, which was begun by the Viet Minh during the war against the French, stretched from Saigon to the Cambodian border. The network was a means of communication between villages, a place for fighters to go to ground, and the hub of the intelligence network that eventually was to launch the Tet Offensive.

Lying 30km north west of Saigon, Cu Chi was always a poor district and a VC stronghold. The Americans established a large military base to counter the guerillas, and built their camp directly over the tunnel network. The 25th "Tropic Lightning" Infantry Division from Hawaii — with their air-conditioned offices, golf course and swimming pool — were shot in their beds.

When they could not find the tunnels, the Americans set out to destroy the area in order to save it. Jungles were bulldozed and villages razed, but the VC remained safe underground.

The Americans used German Sheperds to sniff out tunnel entrances, but Vietnam was no war for a dog. The war was a succession of ambushes — booby traps were responsible for 11 percent of all American deaths and 17 percent of injuries. The tunnels were labyrinths of false walls and punji-stick snares. Traps killed or mutilated so many German Sheperds, their handlers refused to send them down any more.

Soldiers were found to be more expendable. The commandos who went to fight the VC in the ready-dug graves called themselves "tunnel rats." Others called them human probes. They were an elite force with a life expectancy slightly longer than a lunchbreak. They had to be lean enough to turn around in tunnels made for the slightly-built Vietnamese, and mean enough to keep their nerve in underground firefights where there was little backup and no cover.

They killed with pistols, knives and communication wire. Grenades were used sparingly, since they burned up too much oxygen.

Those few tunnel rats who survived the war, including several Australians, stand apart from the veterans' community. They have no regimental association. They saw the war at its most basic and bloody — a succession of one-on-one fights to the death.

There are three levels of tunnels at Cu Chi. The deepest level sheltered hospitals, stores and even a cinema. While faded film stars flew out to entertain the American troops, cultural performances were staged underground for what General Westmoreland called "an army of moles."

Doctors in tunnel hospitals used American supplies bought on the Saigon black market, performed amputations without anaesthetic and brain surgery with a household drill.

The former South Vietnamese Army soldiers, now working as freelance guides, hate the government the VC installed but respect the bravery and skill of the underground fighters. When the tourists are taken down the tunnels, the men from Saigon step aside and let the ex-VC take over.

Only a small section of the tunnel level closest to the surface is officially open. It was filthy, pitch dark, caked in cockroaches, and

Photos by Glenn Beanland

Traps were sometimes smeared with shit

once you entered you had to go the length of it to get out. The modification was a slight widening for Westerners.

I went down in a conga of British and Australian backpackers. The flashlight at the front of the line failed as soon as we were all underground.

These guides spoke no English, so there were no reassuring words. Progress was horribly slow. We crawled forward one inch at a time. My heart was thumping like artillery.

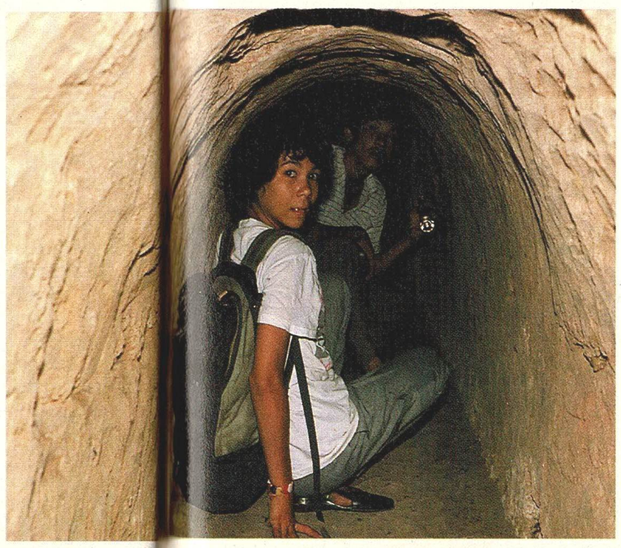


Photo by David Robinson

It was impossible to imagine living down there, harder still fighting. It was too dark for the eyes ever to adjust and there seemed to be no end to the tunnel.

Then suddenly there was a glint of light and a mad scramble for air. I thought I'd been underground for about 15 minutes. In fact, it was probably closer to five. We had travelled 50 metres under a road.

On the hard dry ground over the tunnels, the guides play macabre games of "Spot the booby trap. You didn't. You're dead."

They have maintained examples of mantraps, tiger traps and bear traps concealed by leaves and twigs. Sharpened bamboo stakes in the traps were sometimes smeared with shit to aid infection. Some traps were set to mutilate, to ensure that the foot was so firmly caught it had to be cut off to be freed.

So much of cultural significance and natural beauty was destroyed during the war, the Vietnamese have to make the most of what they've got to attract the tourist dollar.

In Cu Chi, there are theme park photo-opportunities inside the shell of an American M-48 tank.

The Vietnamese fought a war of improvisation and illusion. For their next trick, they'll use tourism to turn their economy into a dragon.

— *Mark Dapin*

The power and the glory

Even in car-mad Los Angeles the V10 Viper turns heads

The gods are smiling. The morning sun is slicing through the LA smog to light up our life, and something very special awaits out front of the Marina Del Rey Hotel.

This is a day to play with a Dodge Viper in the environment for which it was intended. The plan is to head north up the 405, get off at Bel Air and head along Sunset to the beach.

The Viper is preceded by an enviable reputation, that of the best sports machine to blast out of Detroit. If Detroit lost the plot through the 1980s, perhaps the Viper shows that the Americans, certainly Chrysler anyway, can still cut it with Europe when it comes to making cars that hijack the heart and soul.

Jay Leno, the Tonight show host and car nut, is a Viper owner. Tom Cruise would like to own one for some quality cruising with Nicole. But his name and those of another 1000-odd American wannabes are waitlisted, with delivery not anticipated until '94.

Their lust is understandable. Voluptuous and curvacious, the Viper has an awesome presence, an ability to bewitch from two blocks away.

The bodywork is a melding of swoopy contemporary and dashing retro, but the cockpit is all 1990s with a wraparound fascia that flows easily into the doors. The dash layout is plain, with pale beige dials. Seats are snug and supportive, but the offset pedal layout and the absence of a footrest earn demerits.

Such glitches can be overlooked, though. Anecdotal evidence suggests that strikingly pretty and normally reserved girls have actually jumped off Rodeo Drive kerbs into the passenger seat. This assurance comes courtesy of the Chrysler PR flack, a gent sworn to telling only the truth.

With that he handed over the keys to the 1990s reincarnation of the fire-breathing Yankee muscle car icon of our teen dreams, the rambunctious, tyre burning Shelby Cobra.

Tom Cruise would like to own one

This outrageously styled open-topped roadster is capable of destroying Ferraris in a single confrontation.

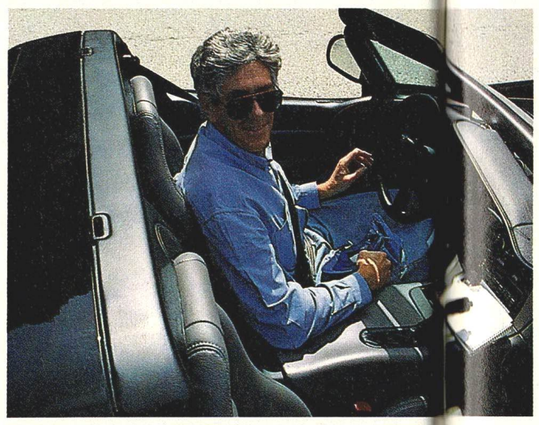
In reality the Viper is not so much a recreation of the magnificently flawed Cobra, but a compilation of fond memories rolled into a stunning shape cloaking simple but effective engineering.

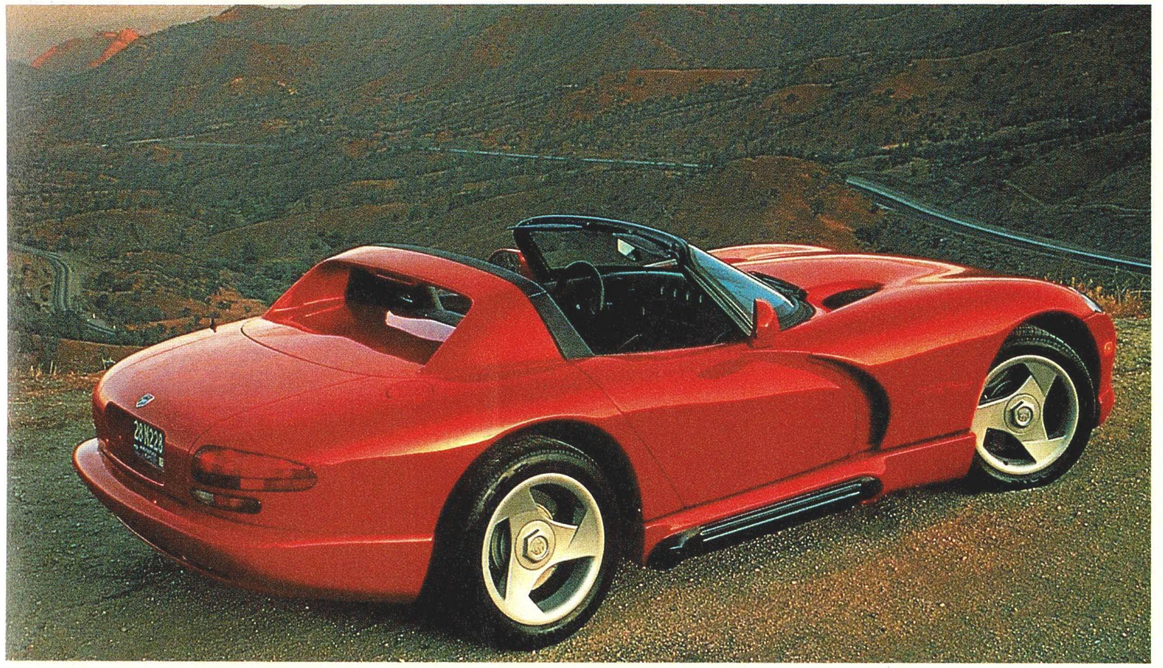
A low-volume car intended to establish Dodge by Chrysler as a design and engineering force, the Viper was introduced in 1992 to widespread acclaim. Chrysler might be the smallest of the so-called Big Three of Detroit, but the advent of the Viper and the stylish LH saloons shows a flair and good-taste streak long missing from American auto design.

The roadster's mechanical specification strongly indicates balls to complement its visual allure. Cubic capacity still reigns supreme in Detroit: an 8.0-litre all-alloy V10 eschews the multiple camshaft and values routinely employed by the Japanese and Europeans. The Viper uses only two valves per cylinder, operated by one camshaft and pushrods. Rudimentary but brutally effective.

Purists may show disdain towards such a configuration, particularly when they realise the V10 is little more than a mildly worked over truck engine (from the Dodge Ram), recast in aluminium and given a prettier new home.

But the bald facts are these: the V10 punches out 298kW — 400 horsepower in the language of the true rev head — and, just as importantly, has torque in an astonishing abundance to a maximum of 626Nm.





The torque on offer is like no other car ever experienced. It almost makes four of the six forward gears redundant.

The massive 8.0-litre power and torque generator allows the driver to select fourth gear at 15km/h and then accelerate to beyond 225km/h without changing to fifth. The Viper flashes to 100km/h in 4.6 seconds and on to the standing quarter in 13.1 seconds. While these times shade the Porsche 911 Turbo and the Ferrari 512T, the Viper is really at its best when it's up and going, when the tall gearing has overcome the problem of moving its 1522kg mass from rest.

It races from 100km/h to 200km/h in around 15 seconds and I have it on good authority that top speed is 279km/h.

This last number was not something I was prepared to confirm on Sunset, or on any LA freeway for that matter.

But it will stretch to more than 90km/h in first gear. Fifth and sixth are both overdrive ratios. The lazy torque is remarkable and with unparalleled driveability the V10 will pull away assuredly from dawdle in top gear at just 500 revs. Try this trick in your Ferrari, buddy.

The chassis is a tubular space frame type, similar to the old racing cars of a couple of decades ago. Hanging off it, front and rear, are unequal length upper and lower control arms, coil springs and adjustable gas-charged dampers.

Brakes are large — as large as the wheels on most other cars — and simple. No anti-lock system here, it relies on big 13-inch vented discs and commensurate calipers and pads.

This sporting-based technology matters little on the 405 freeway, six lanes wide in places and with the gentlest of curves. Only when the long nose of the Viper heads towards the off ramp are any questions, and soft ones at that, raised of the car's capacity to slow and turn.

Even at 95km/h on a freeway, the Viper pulls a crowd. Car after car edges alongside, while the occupants drink in its swoopy lines before moving on.

America's casteless society has responded gloriously to Viper sightings. On Sunset Boulevard, a black Porsche 911 Carrera 4 keeps company for a mile or so. Then it accelerates past, the driver pausing just long enough to give the Viper an enthusiastic thumbs-up. No envy here.

Later at traffic lights, the driver of a Mercedes-Benz S-class pokes his head from an airconditioned cabin to say: "That's a fine car you have there."

This unsolicited complimentary banter would never happen in Australia, where owners of expensive cars are too committed to their own self-worth to publicly concede the existence of others having anything of merit.

Past the beach and back into the Hollywood hills, we pick up Las Flores Canyon Drive. Mulholland Drive is *the* magnet for the car nutters, but our friendly Chrysler PR man has warned against a visit on account of the usually high police presence.

Las Flores it is, and it's not a bad choice. It's narrow and windy with more than a few bumps. Not a place for high-speed runs but ideal to test the handling and braking.

With rear tyres twice as wide

Continued on page 128

Between the banks

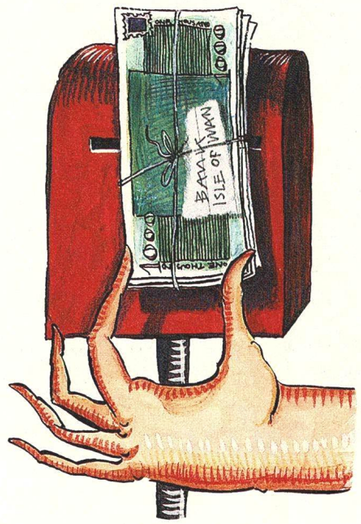
A guide to setting up an offshore account

I've been thinking of setting up a money-laundering operation for criminals. I've also been meaning to set up a false bank account — simply to show it can be done, despite all the governmental rigmarole.

But because it's a pain in the neck, whether you're straight or bent, I just can't be bothered. Besides what'll it prove? That the Government's attempts to stem the flood of black money is doomed? We know that already.

In the meantime, the ordinary citizen gets lumbered with the punishment the criminals are avoiding. Do you realise it's easier for me to open a bank account in the Channel Islands than it is with the Commonwealth Bank? If I had any spare cash that's what I'd be doing.

The interest rates are much better than Australian rates and what could be flashier than a Guinness Mahon Guernsey (registered office: La Vieille Cour, La Plaiderie, Peveril Square,



To a wealthy person the charges are small

Douglas, Isle of Man) Gold Card?

You can keep your money in any of the major currencies and, with some banks, a fair choice of the more exotic currencies. Of course that exposes you to some risk from exchange rate variations. The trick would be to open the account whenever the Aussie dollar gets up over the US70c mark, as it seems to once or twice a year for reasons I may go into one day, if I ever discover them.

Another good thing about these offshore accounts is that the banks don't pay tax on your interest — you get what they call the gross amount. The banks leave it up to you to notify your local tax authorities. The Australian Tax Office has access to the records of Australian banks but, say the offshore banks, "no returns are made to any government authority", which doesn't exactly say they wouldn't tell a government something if asked.

Don't forget that Austrac sticks its nose into all overseas funds, transfers and many other big ticket transactions, so there'd be a good chance the tax office (to whom Austrac dobs) would know of your offshore savings.

The big drawback about these Channel Islands and Irish Sea banks is they are not cheap. Oh, to a wealthy person the charges are small change, but for little blokes like you and me, boy!

You wouldn't want to conduct too much business through them. Seven Pounds, (yes, real pounds) per electronic payment received, a minimum of 13 pounds per international money transfer; some banks (eg, ANZ (Guernsey) Ltd) charge even more for modern electronic transfers than they do for old-fashioned telegraphic transfers.

You can also get the banks to look after your financial affairs, such as buying shares (in your name or behind the anonymity of the bank's nominee company), collecting dividends, taking up rights issues, paying your bankcard, holding your mail — all of which cost a few quid every time the clerk takes out your file.

A fair whack is needed to get set up. The usual minimum amount to open an offshore account is 5000 pounds (or a currency equivalent).

Guinness Mahon will accept as little as 2500 pounds and ANZ won't look at you unless you plonk down 10,000 pounds. But if you're planning a trip to Britain or Europe — or even the USA — and expect to do a lot of spending, have a look at opening an offshore account next time the Aussie dollar goes above US70c. And if you're a tax-dodger or would-be money-launderer, just remember there's a pretty major hurdle to be negotiated: getting the money out of the country without anyone finding out.

Now I'm not about to commit a crime by telling you how to do that.

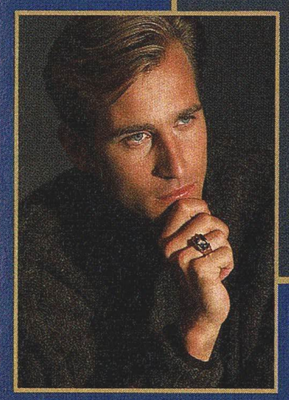
However, it is interesting to note that if you do start withdrawing large sums of money from your bank accounts, you can do so with anonymity as long as the amounts are under $10,000 *and* you do not attract the suspicion of your bankers. Still, as long as the total amount withdrawn is not big enough to warrant further investigation, even if your bank teller dobs you into Austrac, then that body might not do anything about it.

Austrac gets told about a million transactions regarded as suspicious each year and just does not have the ability to investigate them all. So, remember: moderation in all things.— *David Quicksilver*

Illustration by Amanda Upton

WINGS OF GOLD

Solid Gold Majestic Eagle. Genuine Onyx.



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EXCLUSIVELY FROM FRANKLIN MINT

Built for comfort and speed

Yamaha's GTS1000 leads the way

Maybe if you rode naked through the streets of Sydney on a unicycle, you'd attract more attention than you would aboard a Yamaha GTS1000 — but that's only a maybe. The physical bulk, radical styling and unique front end of Yamaha's hi-tech flagship combine to make it a real head-spinner.

However the GTS is far more than an outrageous styling exercise. Technically speaking, this machine represents the cutting edge of production motorcycle technology. In introducing the GTS, Yamaha claims it to be the machine of the Nineties, commenting that "no other motorcycle will so completely change the way we think about motorcycles." They may well have a point.

Yamaha could have assumed the lead in the hi-tech, volume production stakes with the GTS' unique "Omega" chassis.

Yamaha describes the GTS as an "Advanced Sports Tourer" — an apt term for a machine with genuine 200km/h cruising potential.

For the asking price of $21,500, the GTS1000A gives you a 1000cc five-valve per cylinder powerplant, Electronic Fuel Injection (EFI), the first six-piston brake calliper seen on a production motorcycle, Antilock Braking System (ABS) on both front and rear brakes, and the first volume-production centre-hub-steering system to emerge from Japan.

Complimenting this array of technical features are a number of external developments. The expansive bodywork shrouding the 280kg bitumen-eater has been successfully designed to minimise turbulence and maximise wind protection, particularly at higher speeds.

From the very wide and comfortable seat the rider looks forward to an automotive-style dashboard which would rival most production cars.

The passenger is not forgotten with a similarly comfortable seat, well-placed grab rails and additional storage capacity in the rear beneath the seat.

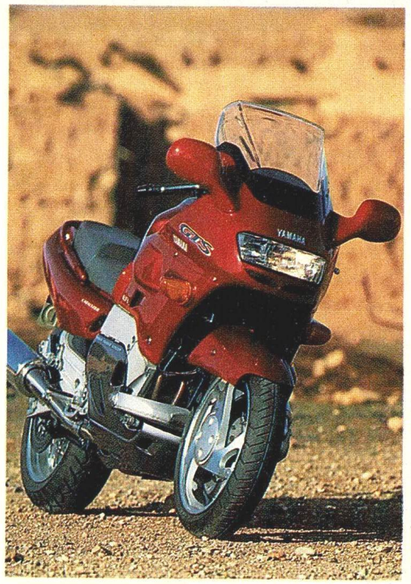
While the GTS is larger than life at first glance, the impression of bulk is quickly dispelled when the rider climbs aboard.

The central weight placement achieved through the Omega chassis design helps eliminate the top-heavy feel of other large capacity in-line fours.

This chassis configuration places virtually all the major mechanicals below the cast-alloy side beams of the frame, with bodywork, ancillary items and the major electrical system comprising the majority of the top half of the machine.

To the rider, the advantage of EFI is immediately obvious as there is no choke required. The EFI system employed by Yamaha is managed by an Electronic Control Unit (ECU) which employs sensors in seven different areas around the engine. Each cylinder is independently controlled with smooth running and excellent throttle response at all times being the benefit.

The decision to install this complex EFI system can be attributed largely to the catalytic converter fitted to reduce exhaust emissions.



Photos by Andrew Clubb

Environmentally, this move is a significant bonus with Yamaha claiming major exhaust emission reductions of up to 70 percent. However, performance wise, the catalytic converter has negative effects, the restriction in exhaust flow rate at high revs being unavoidable. Yamaha has addressed the problem with the EFI and a re-work of the FZR1000 engine valve timing, concentrating on mid-range rather than top-end performance.

Any thoughts that the single-sided swingarm front suspension system may make the GTS unusual to ride are quickly dispelled. Rider input and feedback are on a par with a well-sorted conventional machine, immediate difference being that the front doesn't dive so blatantly under brakes.

The fundamental advantage of this front-end design is that it separates the suspension movement.

Out in the real world, the GTS did bottom-out during some fast back-road blasting.

On those occasions where the road conditions could catch you out, the GTS rider can push on with the confidence that they have the braking ability required to scrub off speed at any time. The ABS system connected to both the six-piston single disc front brake and the conventional twin-piston rear worked superbly on both wet and gravel roads.

The singularly most impressive feature of the GTS1000 is the engine.

Although essentially the same powerplant as found in the FZR1000 sportster, the EFI and different camshaft make this a truly great road-going engine. In spite of the excessive weight of the machine, it has staggering roll-on acceleration from 80km/h upwards, yet it will pull smoothly from 50km/h in top gear.

In the sports environment, the sheer bulk of the GTS is a negative point as you do notice the momentum, but the handling and power make it deceptively quick.

An impressive and innovative machine no matter which way you look at it, the Yamaha GTS1000A has set new standards of civility and refinement. Making direct comparisons to the sports-touring opposition is something like comparing a new BMW to a Commodore, it's that different.

— Mark Reed

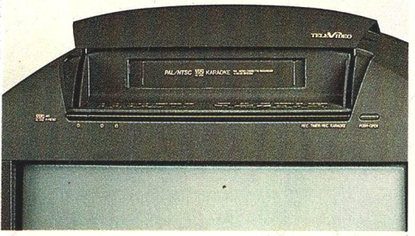
An impressive machine no matter which way you look at it

Big Screen Star

If you find squinting into a poky little black-and-white viewfinder a pain in the proverbial, then the Sharp ViewCam is just what the eye-doctor ordered. Instead of a conventional finder it has a large colour LCD screen at the rear which can be angled to further improve viewing convenience. There are actually two ViewCam models — both 8mm format — with a choice of 7.6cm (VL-E30X) or 10cm (VL-E40X) screens. The "big screen" model boasts built-in image stabiliser (to cure camera shake), a snapshot mode, remote control and an 8x zoom. ViewCam has been a huge hit in Japan where it has captured an impressive 20 percent of the camcorder market. Expect to pay $2100 for the VL-E30X and $2500 for the VL-E40X

All-In-One

Another from the good ideas department. Panasonic's TC-W21 incorporates a 51cm TV screen and a four-head VHS video deck in the same compact and portable unit. This eliminates any complicated hook-ups and, of course, TV and VCR share the same receiver. The unit is compatible with both the PAL and NTSC TV standards (so it can play American video-tapes) and also incorporates Panasonic's Dome Sound system for clean, crisp stereo sound with plenty of bass. When not required the deck remains concealed and both the TV and tape functions are controlled from one remote handpiece. All this convenience is yours for $2599 from Panasonic Australia.



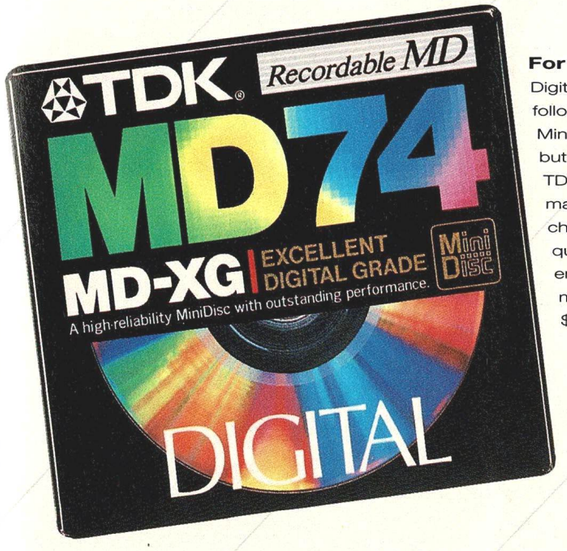
MiniDisc On The Move

Sony isn't wasting any time getting its new digital audio format established and the MDX-U1 is an in-car unit, now available in Australia for about $1900. One of the most appealing features of this unit is a 4.0 MB buffer memory which can store up to 10 seconds of music and so "cover" any mistracking which results from driving on rough roads (often a major problem with CD playback). Other features include a full digital display of album and track names, remote control, 24 station presets and numerous replay options including repeat and random track selection. Sound reproduction is via a pair of 1-bit converters with 64x oversampling so the quality is excellent. Plus the little discs are very convenient to handle.

state of the art

Off Its Face

The latest deterrent to prevent the light-fingered helping themselves to your car sound gear is the detachable front panel. When you leave the car you take the control panel with you and what's left behind is rendered effectively worthless. Kenwood enables you to protect the KDC-9100 this way so the $899 CD player/receiver is likely to be in your possession for a long time. Four 1-bit digital-to-analog (DAC) converters ensure high-quality reproduction from the KDC-9100 which also offers wireless remote control, a 20 track memory and 24 radio station presets. You can also connect this unit up to a 10 disc autochanger for really long play.



For The Record

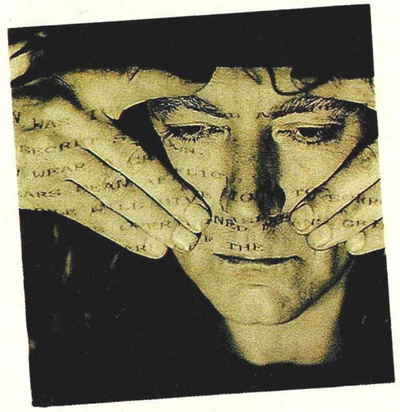
Digital sound recording is now a reality for the home user and TDK has followed Sony by introducing blank discs for the MiniDisc format. MiniDisc is based on... er, well a mini disc that's very similar to a CD but is just over 6cm in diameter (and housed in a protective casing). TDK has introduced 60 and 72 minute discs and these employ a magnetic recording layer of terbium ferric cobalt (TbFeCo for the chemically minded) which has the necessary qualities to allow very high quality digital recording. TDK claims its MD-XG discs are durable enough for a life of over one million record/erase cycles. The 60 minute version costs $19.95 while the extra 14 minutes is worth $23.95.

Major Mini

You won't miss any of the action with Canon's UC2Hi which, despite being an ultra-compact video camera, boasts near TV-standard features. It's a Hi8 format machine and such is the picture quality from these high-band minis that they're increasingly used in TV productions when it's impractical or too risky for bigger gear. The UC2 has a 12x zoom with three speeds and, unlike most camcorders, wide-angle capabilities. The microphone also has a "zoom" feature so the stereo soundtracks can be as expansive or concentrated as the vision. There's a host of advanced shooting facilities for the adventurous video-maker including a high-speed shutter, picture fader and full remote control. The price tag is $2999.

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, CALL ELVIS

When she found that her enthusiasm for being the blonde bombshell of British band Transvision Vamp was in its death throes, **Wendy James** tossed off a cathartic confessional to Elvis Costello, whom she had never met. Two weeks later Elvis had penned her a whole album, *Now Ain't The Time For Your Tears* (MCA), and Ms James' solo career was under way. The music is very much from the often thundering and melodic period of Costello. He has given the lady a chance to not so much reinvent herself but to re-present hersêlf as a victim of her own past, often with his own satirical bent. Elvis places a knowing and placatory musical arm around her shoulders and reminds that "nothing like show business was ever built for letting your critical function wilt under the weight of your liberal guilt." James has very much lived this album and whatever she lacks in vocal prowess she makes up for in attitude.



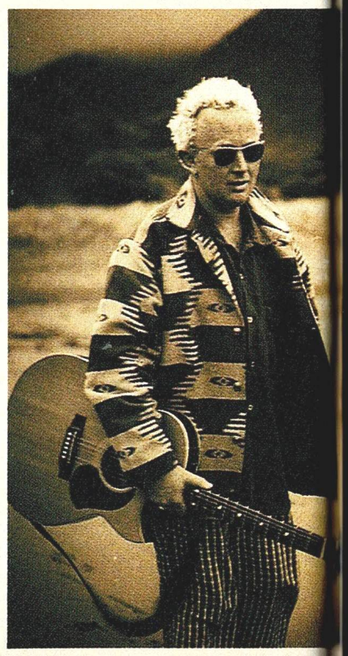
In another bout of "this is your life", **Tina Turner** has had to re-record some of the old tunes to get a consistent sound quality between them and her more recent material for the film of her autobiography. On *What's Love Got To Do With It?* (EMI) there are three new songs including "I Don't Wanna Fight" (more poignant given her years as an unwilling sparing partner to Ike). The rest are old stage staples including one of the two big hits "Nutbush City Limits" and the Trammps' 1977 hit "Disco Inferno".

Rolf Harris has made a career out of being out of step with current trends in modern music preferring to run his own (three-legged) race. On *Rolf Rules OK* (Mercury/Phonogram) he proves he's never had much of an affinity with rock music. His version of "Stairway To Heaven" for the ABC's *The Money or the Gun* became an understandable novelty hit, but, wobble boarding his way through a whole album of songs like "I Feel Good" and "Smoke On The Water" stretches the joke way beyond its tolerable load limits.

Robert Plant, to whom Mr Harris must be, if not eternally, at least currently grateful for helping write that song is back in powerful form as he ruminates on the *Fate Of Nations* (Fontana). The mystical minor melodies and thundering grooves echo the big rock mysticism of Led Zep's "Kashmir" and are balanced with more acoustic moments.

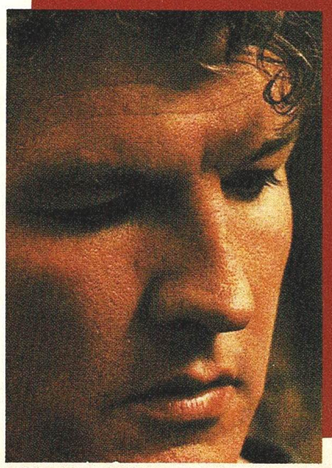
For **Dave Dobbyn** not even the dreams of celluloid escape offered by the "(Picture) Palace" are a respite from the reality that abounds in the rest of his *Lament For The Numb* (East West). That song's wistful pragmatic optimism shows that Dobbyn's writing has acquired more depth and his imagery is both personal and generally evocative from nuclear testing in the South Pacific ("Maybe The Rain") to the tale of being a fool for love as in the chimingly melodic "Belle Of The Ball". — *Jeremy Cook*

Plant's melodies vibrate big rock mysticism



FINN & DANDY

Tim Finn, back on his solo feet, delivers some heartfelt moments of self-analysis on *Before & After* (Capitol). Displaying a folk singer's penchant for home truths, he has put himself in the supportive company of old and new colleagues like brother Neil and Irish band Hothouse Flowers.



On this disc his trans-Tasman roots show in the Pacific rim reggae flavour of some tracks and the irrepressible "Maori strum" that is the musical genesis of songs like "Persuasion." His lives (love and professional) may have hit some very public snags but Finn remains the clear-voiced optimist and these setbacks have provided the impetus for some engaging songs.

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CENSORED

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FRONT

film review

THE KLINE TO THE TOP

Kevin Kline's returned with a somewhat predictable script but an excellent performance in the satirical comedy **Dave**.

Kline plays two roles: Bill Mitchell, the ill-tempered, cynical arch-bastard President of the United States; and Dave Kovic, a dorky, dim-bulb who ends up impersonating none other than the big guy himself.

But as soon as Mitchell is out and Dave is in, he infuses life at the White House with such a genuine burst of enthusiasm everyone can't help but fall in love with him.

And his relationship with the American people is so frank, honest and ordinary, he quickly becomes the most inspired American president in history.

Kline plays it straight the whole movie through — an excellent performance from one of the film industry's most under-used leading men.

Thinking man's comedy. ***

Probably one of the corniest films on offer, but one which will strike a chord with anyone who remembers the childish beginnings of their teenage years, is **The Sandlot**.

the other local kids are concerned, he doesn't know a thing about baseball.

The story is fairly predictable, but as silly as it seems, there are more than a few moments during the gang's encounter with "the Beast" beyond the left field fence where you just might find yourself leaping out of your seat.

Nice. ****1/2**

Patrick Swayze is a film star in danger of becoming famous for his box-office bombs rather than his successes. **FatherHood**, his latest film, comes perilously close to collapsing in a heap.

Swayze plays a small-time criminal whose fatherly

Left: Kevin Kline is Dave, an inspired American President. Below: Sandlot is predictable and corny, but will strike a chord.

Following *Wayne's World*, Mike Meyers delivers big

The film tells the story of a baseball team, the nine young boys in the team, and their adventure in defeating a terrifying mystery beyond "the left field fence".

The story opens when Scotty moves to a small middle-American town. He's friendless and nervous but what's worse is that, as far as instincts get a rude awakening when his two children track him down.

The pair have escaped from the foster care shelter where they were living because of continual abuse and team up with their dear old dad.

But while they're discovering the joys of being a family again they have two different forces on their tail.

They are: the cops — dad is a criminal, after all — and a journalist chasing the foster care abuse story.

Somehow, in all that, the film begins, happens and ends and you're left wondering exactly what it is you're supposed to be doing.

The ending is a little unresolved with a few things left up in the air — no doubt the producers were hoping this would be Swayze's hit and they could cash in on a sequel. Maybe not. ***1/2**

— Ford Buchanan

WAYNE'S BACK

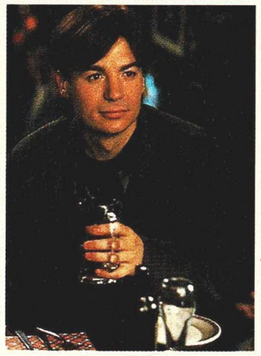
Following the success of last year's most unlikely film hit *Wayne's World*, big things are expected of its star Mike Meyers. And big things he delivers, in his latest film **So I Married An Axe Murderer** playing a major goofball called Charlie Mackenzie — the guy who has had a lifetime of bad luck with women.

But the latest lady in his life seems like a dream come true — Harriet Michaels (Nancy Travis) is sexy, intelligent and runs her own butcher shop.

One small problem, however. There are more than a few reasons to suspect she is an axe-wielding maniac with an uncanny penchant for chopping people into small pieces.

Meyers turns in a strong, if a little predictable, performance as Charlie. Nancy Travis is excellent as the axe-wielding killer. But is she actually an axe-wielding killer? Certainly Charlie spends a good deal of the film trying to work out if she is — and it just wouldn't be fair to say here whether she is or not.

Shakespeare this isn't but a giggly way to waste away a rainy afternoon at the flicks it is. Humour without the corn. ****



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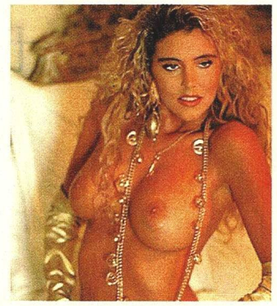

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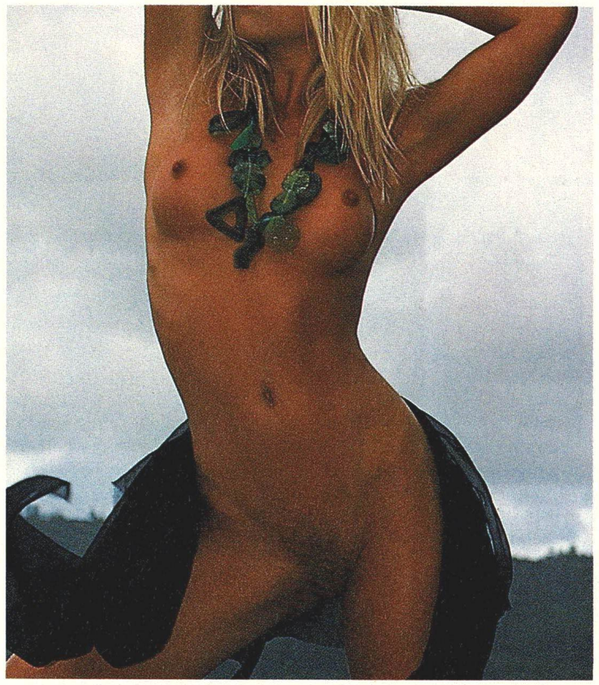
advisor

candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask



There's a kinda thrush

My girlfriend and I have been going out for almost two years now and our sex life has always been excellent. When the relationship started we used condoms until the results of our mutual AIDS tests came back. Since then she started taking the contraceptive pill and everything has been great until just recently. The other day she told me that she has thrush. What causes this disease? Did she get it by sleeping around? How can we get rid of it so that we can resume our lovemaking?

Before you go accusing your girlfriend of sleeping around, there are some important things you should know about this disease which is known by many names including thrush, candida and yeast infections. Chances are that your beloved has not been sampling forbidden fruits as thrush is a vaginal infection that strikes 500,000 people a year and is responsible for about a quarter of all vaginal infections. Some doctors estimate that nearly three-quarters of all women will have a yeast infection at some time in their lives. There are a boatload of factors that can cause yeast infections and being on the pill is right up there, as is taking antibiotics, a sugar-rich diet and having too much sex in a short period of time. A visit to the doctor who will prescribe one of a variety of antifungal medications will clear up the problem.

A question of size

I'm a 28-year-old average-looking bloke with a bit of a problem. You see I'm not the slim, athletic chap I used to be. In fact I've become positively paunchy and the old sex appeal is plummeting. I don't eat a lot of junk food but I don't think my diet is the problem. I go through periods of frantic exercise in which I join a tennis club, gym, sailing school or whatever. I attend frantically for a few weeks and then my enthusiasm wanes so I stop attending and I get flabby. What should I do?

What's happening to you is not uncommon. Many people go through periods of frenetic physical activity followed by periods of inactivity. If you want to stay fit and healthy you're gonna have to stop exercise binges for two reasons. Firstly sudden intense exercise can do your body more harm than good with muscle tears and ligament strains resulting from too much stress on a body not used to the sudden exertion. Secondly you've got to learn to show a little discipline — when you find an activity you enjoy stick with it but don't dive in head first. Moderate regular exercise combined with a healthy diet will keep the flab off.

How deep is your love?

I'm tired of reading letters about dick size. There seems to be this never-ending stream of blokes who would willingly trade a testicle for a few inches more. Magazines devote pages and pages to the inner workings, the foreskin debate and most commonly the length and girth issue. But what about the other sex. I want to know the average depth of a vagina. Has anyone ever studied this? Also have sex therapists ever reported problems in sexual relationships when the bloke's seven or so inches of dangling thunder have been far too much for a woman's comfort? Is there no pleasurable limit to a whammer's size? Also I've heard that West Indian men have apparently got bigger dicks than other blokes. I was wondering if the women have larger vaginas?

If it's something deep and meaningful you're after, here goes. The vagina extends from the cervix to the external genitalia where it opens to the outside world. The axis of the vagina is not at right angles to the visual opening of the genitalia but rather it runs pretty much parallel to the tail bone. When you measure the vagina, you'll find that the front wall on average measures about 7.5cm and the back wall clocks in at about 9cm.
The vagina is what is called a potential space. When all is quiet on the ranch of love it's loosely closed. Like a pair of stockings it's small when empty but stretches to accommodate whatever you put inside. Masters and Johnson report that when sexually stimulated the vagina actually elongates a further 2.5cm. The stretch is accomplished due to the mucous membrane which is packed with fleshy folds and pleats just waiting to be aired. The one area of the vagina which is not stretchable is the area where the vagina opens and mucous membrane meets outer skin. When aroused, you're not gonna believe this, this actually tightens. It is this area that smarts when intercourse without sufficient lubrication is attempted.
As to the West Indian question, vaginal measurements do not vary with colour, creed, national origin or sexual preference. Sorry mon.

Touchy subject

I've read that many women are unable to have vaginal orgasms but are sexually satisfied with clitoral orgasms. My girlfriend finds it impossible to come when we make love but when I go down on her she has the most intense orgasms. The problem is that I would really like us both to orgasm while we're making love. She's really shy and I know that asking her to rub her clit while we're fucking would embarrass her but I reckon that's the only way we will both get off on intercourse.

It seems the problem here is not actually with her touching herself but with both of you talking about it. Hundreds of thousands of women the world over masturbate every day and if she's relatively in touch with her body and sexuality, chances are she'll know exactly how to pleasure herself through clitoral masturbation. All you have to do is open your mouth and tell her that you want to come with her while making love, tell her that you won't think any less of her because she masturbates. In fact tell her what a turn-on it would be to watch her. You'll be surprised how effective a little reassurance and encouragement will be.

Blind date

This is a bit of a strange problem that I never even thought of until it looked me right in the face. I'm 27 years old and I've dated many different types of women. Recently I've started going out with a blind girl. I'm strongly attracted to her and there is most definitely a strong basis here for a long relationship. The problem is that I don't know how to bring up the subject of sex or even make an advance towards her. She hasn't said anything about it but I strongly believe she's as attracted to me as I am to her. I can't seem to help treating her a little differently than I would a woman who wasn't blind mainly because I don't know what to expect. I also have this fear of doing something that she doesn't want me to do and thus causing embarrassment for us both.

Just because she can't see doesn't mean she doesn't have the same sexual responses as anyone else. You'll probably find that although she can't see the shape of your body, she'll compensate by using her other senses to greater advantage — particularly touch. In a relationship the difference between a sighted and unsighted person is not so much what happens during sex but what happens before and after. For example, if you are someone who likes visual activities like sport or mime, you aren't going to have much common ground. However if you focus on developing those areas that you can share together, the sexual aspect will develop naturally. A love affair with a blind person should be no different from any other sexual relationship, without her sight your lover will know your body as well as or even better than your previous lovers.

Clean enough to see your own reflection

I'm a 19-year-old male who is uncircumcised. My hygiene is pretty good but I've heard that uncircumcised men are often more prone to penile infections than circumcised men. Are there any ways to make sure that the foreskin and the head of the penis are free from bacteria that could lead to what friends have told me are painful inflammations and infections?

Proper foreskin hygiene will undoubtedly minimise any risk of infection especially balanitis which is an inflammation of the head of the penis. At least once a day, ideally when you're in the shower, slide the foreskin back over the tip of the penis. Be careful not to force it back — if it doesn't slide easily, see your doctor as there may be underlying infection or the foreskin may have become tightened. Wash the head of the penis thoroughly with soap and warm water but make sure the soap is washed off well otherwise it could cause irritation. Also when you pass urine slide the foreskin back over the head to prevent it getting wet as this can sometimes lead to infection. Finally if passing urine causes a burning feeling or if there's any discomfort or pain beneath the foreskin, consult your doctor.

Sensitive guy

I want to know about penis sensitivity. I am 25, tall and of average weight. When I masturbated as a youngster I rubbed the base of my dick raw on more than one occasion as I tried to reach orgasm. Now I use a lubricant but to this day the base of my penis still feels raw when I get an erection.
Also it still takes me 15 to 30 minutes to reach orgasm and sometimes I even lose my erection before I come. Why does this happen?

Your first question is one that should be handled by your doctor — it's possible that you may have damaged some of the superficial nerves by rubbing the base of your penis raw when you were young. Don't be so rough on the old fella — you're dealing with a sensitive instrument here. It sounds like you go about wanking with a frenzied tenacity in a quest for instantaneous release.
That's not what it's all about, there's nothing wrong with having a lazy, languorous tug and if it takes 15 or 30 delightful minutes then so be it. As for the occasional loss of erection, it's the standard "it happens to a lot of men."
Erections come and go and there's no law saying your dick has to be able to cut diamonds at the point of orgasm. If this happens well and good but most men find that their erections fade a bit and come back a couple of times before they finally come. Learn to relax and play.

Speed demon

I want to know just how long it takes the average man to orgasm. I hear so much about premature ejaculation that I wouldn't mind having some sort of rough guide to go by. What's normal when it comes to reaching orgasm?

According to the well-known American sex researcher Kinsey, 75 percent of men orgasm within two minutes of beginning to have sex.

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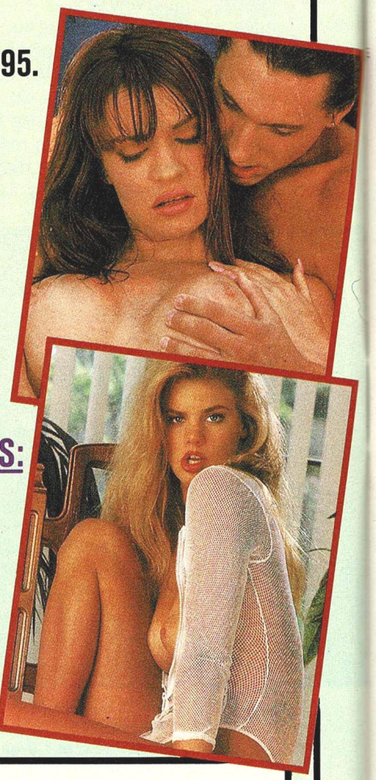

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THE ELEGANT TOUCH

Bobby Brown is a 23-year-old interior decorator with a passion for creating environments using different textures and fabrics.

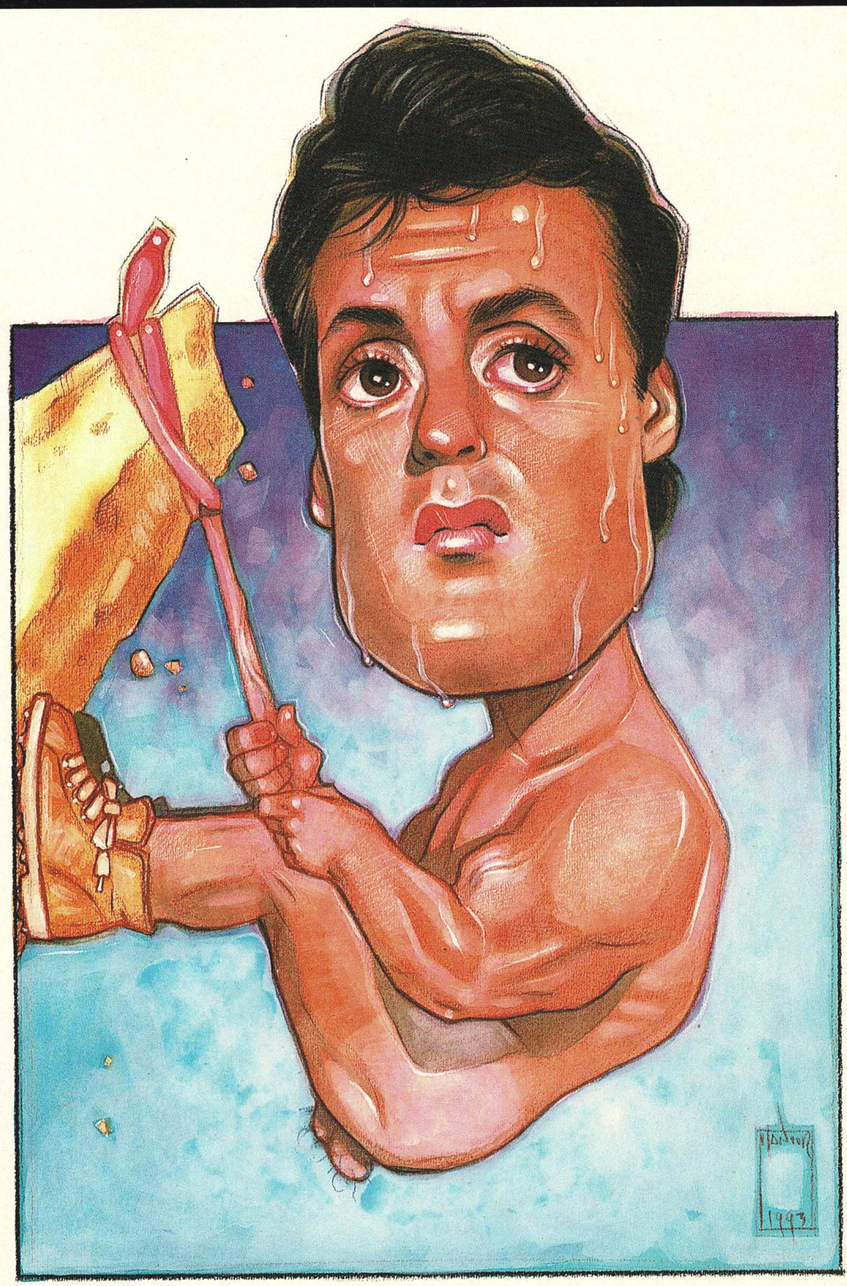
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

"I guess I'm a pretty sensual person. I love the feel of different materials and each have their own texture."

Bobby says her passion for the feel of certain materials has resulted in an extensive lingerie collection.

"Silks and satins are great to hold in your hands but when they're rubbing softly against your skin, it's an entirely different matter."

KANTOR'S



CELEBRITY SKINS

Sylvester Stallone

BY PAUL WILSON *

"Put your hands behind your back white monkey," the Metro Manila police officer yelled to the two patrons at the bar. Sensibly, the 45-year-old tourist from Sydney instantly obeyed. There is something about a short-barrel shotgun hovering in front of your face that commands immediate respect.

Well, it does if you're sober. Unfortunately for the burly 23-year-old Texan from Houston, a skinful of San Miguel had opened his mouth and dimmed his brain. "Which pig is calling me a white monkey?" he shouted to the cops.

These were the last words the Texan uttered before waking up in a Manila hospital with a fractured cheekbone. The cop with the shotgun had simply turned around and, wielding the gun like a five-iron, smashed the barrel into the young American's face.

Welcome to M.H. del Pilar street in the district of Ermita, the sex capital of the Philippines and some would say the world. For over 50 years sex-seeking tourists from Australia, Europe, America and Japan have been embraced by the clasping hands and vaginas of lithe, brown-skinned, and often intensely beautiful Filipino call girls. But in 1993 the times have changed, and so has the Mayor.

Australians have become the target in Manila's clean-up campaign

VICE WARS

Vice Wars

In 1993 you can forget the welcome. Sure, the girls are still willing but the Mayor of Manila and his police force have now embarked on the biggest anti-sex crusade in the history of South East Asia. Fighting against the crusaders are the bar owners, the call girls and the sex tourists.

The Mayor, General Alfredo "Fred" Lim, 64, is employing methods to clean up vice that would have made Bjelke-Petersen and the Queensland wallopers look like wimps. Not only do they storm into bars and arrest the girls and the bar owners but they deliberately hassle patrons.

To make sure these establishments stay closed, the Manila Police nail boards to the front door and windows of the bars and splash the words "closed by the order of the Mayor" in red paint over the boards. And to make the tourists feel really at home General Lim orchestrates rallies and media articles that ensure the message is clear.

"We will stop the filthy trade in Filipino flesh," Lim tells his supporters and the press. "Western tourists will not lead our womanhood into vice and debauchery."

He means it. Manila Police use every legal and illegal trick to make sure that the message gets through. Any tourist who looks as though he may have a few spare dollars or pesos or deutschmarks becomes a potential target for the infamous passport shakedown caper.

It goes like this. A bar or a cafe or even a high-class restaurant is visited by the police. Tourists, with or without Filipino girls sitting by their side, are asked for their passport in order to see if they have overstayed their visa.

Now most tourists lock their passports up in the safe of their hotels. Pickpockets are rampant in Manila and most visitors know it. If tourists can't produce passports they are suspected of overstaying their visa and a cop will escort them down to the station.

At the station you are then thrown into a filthy, cockroach-infested cell for 24 hours. Afterwards, you're told that if you pay between five and 15 thousand pesos (depending on your perceived wealth) "the matter will be forgotten." The few hours in the cell help you to hand over your money without much of a fuss.

The hassling of foreigners and their girlfriends has reached an absurd stage. Earlier this year James Stead, a British structural engineer, and his Filipino wife, were drinking inside a legal tourist club in Ermita. A number of plain clothes officers entered the club and began to herd all the women into a police vehicle. The British engineer protested vigorously that one of the women thrown into the police van was his wife.

The police ignored him. At the station all the women were hassled, intrusively searched and thrown into the cells. Mr Stead is currently suing the police involved for a large amount of money.

A law suit is hardly likely to act as a deterrent to General Lim. On the contrary, he appears to be turning on the heat. At the beginning of the year the General gave his troops even more power by passing ordinances severely punishing jaywalking and smoking in public places.

To drive the point home the Mayor erected small "gorilla" cages on some of the main streets of his empire into which he flings smokers or jaywalkers for a variable number of hours (which means for however long it takes the embarrassed violator to raise a few hundred pesos) in order to act as a visible deterrent.

Then there is the infamous "John" law that the Mayor proclaimed on June 11. Under Manila's ordinance 7791 not only pimps and prostitutes but also the customer is liable to a 5000 peso (A$300) fine and a one-year term of imprisonment. The law is a magnet for hordes of corrupt police among Manila's finest. All they have to do is to heavy a Filipino woman seen with a foreigner to turn State's evidence and say that the foreigner approached her for paid sex.

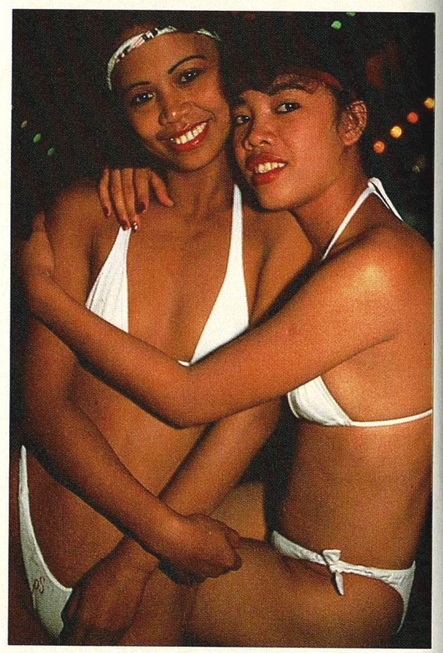
A more sinister aspect is the element of both subtle and overt racism. Prostitution is a way of life in Manila. Pussy for peso exchanges pervade not only the bars and cafes frequented by backpackers and the package-tour Westerners, but also the five-star hotels and karioke bars used by the wealthy Taiwanese, Korean or Japanese businessmen and visitors. Yet despite the hordes of hookers who hang out in upmarket hotels, raids are singularly scarce on these premises — or, for that matter in Chinatown where prostitution is also rife.

Lim's rhetoric either at rallies or to the media is heavily anti-Western. He contemptuously refers to such tourists as "scruffy sex connoisseurs" or "hippy types and sex deviants." Rallies attended by his followers often have placards that read "white monkeys go home."

The media, who prior to Lim's campaign would rarely indulge in racist epithets, now often refer to Europeans in terms of skin colour. Jose Guevara, a widely read columnist for the *Manila Bulletin* (a paper that strongly supports Lim) recently reported on the fact that the "white" candidate Richard Riordan beat Michael Loo, a Chinese by birth, for the position of Mayor of Los Angeles. "The Jews in Hollywood swung into action and bested the minorities," Guevara sarcastically noted.

General Lim is a tough, powerful man who has substantial backing among Manila's wealthy Chinese business community. His previous positions have included being chief of the city's police force and also head of the National Bureau of Investigation — the Philippines equivalent of America's FBI. During his frequent crackdowns on crime while in these positions, Lim gained a reputation for shooting first and asking questions later. Indeed, Lim perfected the peculiar Filipino art of displaying suspects, or their bodies, in front of the press after they had been caught in a raid and before they had been convicted of anything by a court.

Right: General Lim boards up yet another one of Ermita's bars. Below: Two of the "hospitality girls" effected by Lim's crusade.



These exploits earned him a dubious reputation as far away as the United States where he is known in some law enforcement and media circles by the nickname "Dirty Harry." He lives up to his reputation. Early this year he warned any vice operators that they should get out "or be carried out."

In the Philippines as in the United States, people fear Alfredo Lim. More positively, a female doctor, echoing the comments of many in the middle-class, lauded Lim's efforts because he was cleaning up the sexpots of Ermita. "Ermita is a national disgrace," she said. "The area brings shame to our entire nation."

Indeed the most charitable interpretation of Mayor Lim's motives are that he really does morally object to the sex tourists and the prostitutes of Manila. The more cynical of his critics, however, say that his crusade is all about land

The Australians are our number one enemies

wealth. They point out that many of the bars have long-term leases in areas of prime downtown real estate. If the bars are forced to close, they contend, wealthy Chinese, Taiwanese and Japanese can snap the land up at rock-bottom prices and build condominiums, hotels and retail outlets.

Regardless of Lim's motives, no-one should underestimate his resolve to win what many thought was an impossible task — to eradicate prostitution in Ermita. The methods he uses in his campaign may be almost comical — but the consequences are profound.

On July 1 last year, the Mayor's police force rounded up 260 girls, tourists and local Filipinos at Raymonds cafe on del Pilar street. The following months saw successive, and often violent raids on small bars and even larger establishments like The Australian Club, Visions and Firehouse. During these raids hundreds of tourists were detained, hassled and sometimes beaten up.

In February this year the raids intensified. Bar-girls were arrested and locked in cells for days on end. Rallies were orchestrated with schoolgirls marching through Ermita chanting "close the bars."

During a birthday mass for General Lim, attended by luminaries like Cory Aquino and Cardinal Sin, the Mayor regaled against Western sex tourists generally and Australian bar owners in particular. "The Australians are our number one enemies," he said.

In a scene reminiscent of the Keystone cops the police raided the partly Australian-owned Firehouse bar and, with the customers and bar girls happily drinking inside, proceeded to board the building up from the outside. Tourists dived from windows and toilets as Manila's police-turned-carpenters hammered away with gusto.

Mayor Lim often justifies these extraordinary actions on the grounds that Philippine womanhood must be saved from exploitation and the moral tone of Manila improved. But saved for what?

Directly or indirectly 35,000 people are involved in what is politely called "the hospitality industry" in Manila. This figure includes not only the call girls and hostesses but also food providers, street sellers and the families and relatives of those directly or indirectly employed in sex work. In a country with huge unemployment rates, where most of the population live in poverty how does general Lim expect these people to survive?

And then there's AIDS, a problem in the Philippines that fast approaches that of Thailand. All over Manila signs on lampposts carry the unsubtle and unhelpful warning that "AIDS IS DEATH." However, fledging safe-sex campaigns were just beginning to successfully target the bar-girls and the bar-owners. Now that prostitution has been driven underground the campaigns have come to a shuddering halt.

With all Mayor Lim's concern about "cleaning up the area" his city is nastier and grubbier than it has been for the last 20 years. If you walk the half mile from the huge shopping centre of Harrisons Plaza to Rosies Cafe in the centre of Ermita, you will confront life-threatening potholes and open drains, scores of crippled beggars, rotting garbage and rats the size of small cats.

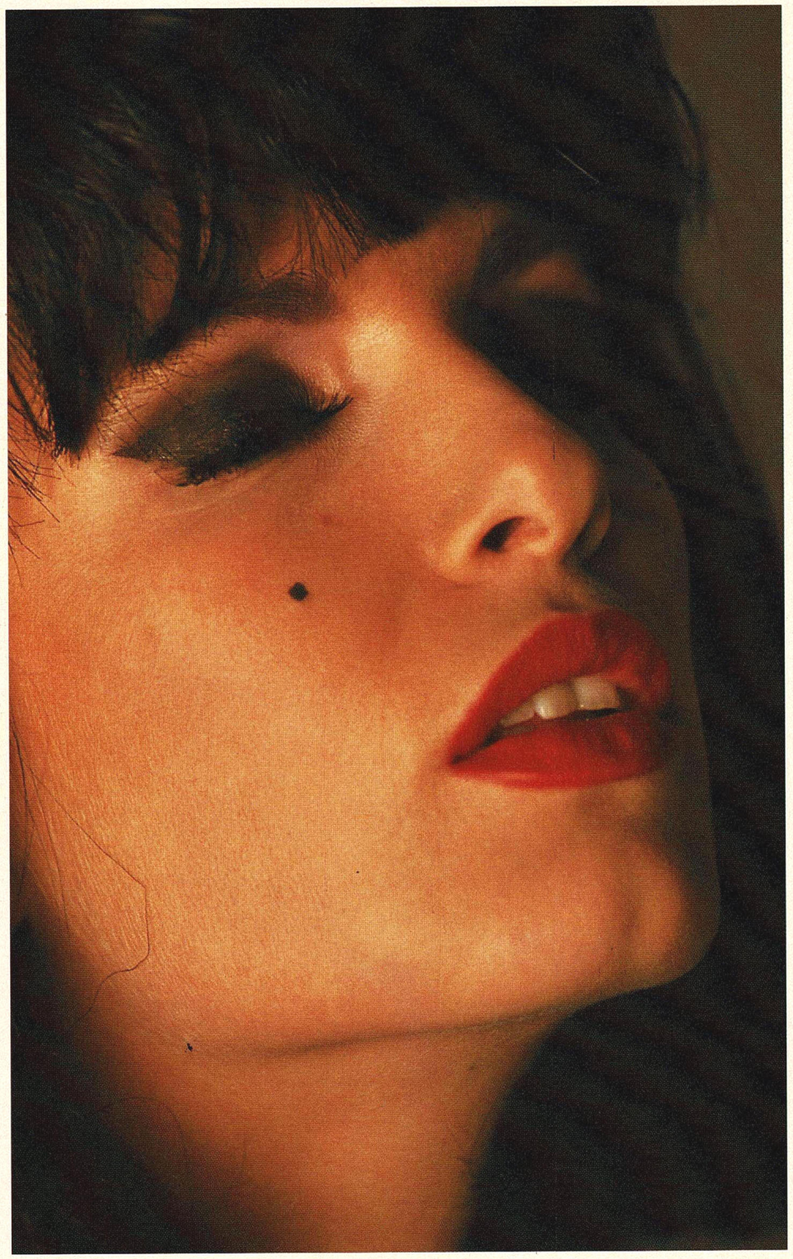
For the last year Manila has endured daily power strikes ("brownouts") lasting between eight and ten hours. Manila Bay is so polluted you can almost walk on it. When it rains even for a short period the roads become impassable and though the country's economy goes well beyond Mayor Lim's jurisdiction, the nation is fast approaching the status of an economic basket case.

In short, the moral crusade waged by the Mayor seems ludicrous in view of the huge fiscal crisis and massive social

Continued on page 96

WHO'S THE BOSS?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DENYS DEFRANCESCO



If you saw 25-year-old Ildiko Batista in the street you would not recognise her. The petite brunette works as a secretary by day but by night she pulls on her leather and rubber and prowls the nightclubs of the big city.

"I feel so powerful in my dominatrix outfit," she smiles. "And you'd be surprised just how many men find it as much of a turn-on as I do."

Ildiko's name is just as exotic as her passions and she says she likes to explore both the dominant and submissive aspects of her personality. During office hours she's demure and softly spoken, but when evening comes she likes to explore the darkness.

BY MARK ABERNETHY

ILLUSTRATION CAMERON SINGLETON

Have vocal minorities hijacked the censorship debate?

A middle-aged, well-dressed woman from the Queensland Women's Consultative Council is having her say from the floor at the censorship conference in Brisbane in May. She tells the three speakers on the stage that regardless of some of the liberal theses she has heard, there *is* a problem with pornography, especially in the way it effects relations between men and women. Nowhere in pornography is closeness or togetherness between the sexes held up as being important, she says.

Now she turns on the most outrageous of the speakers, Robbie Swan: one-time marketeer of adult movies and now tireless worker for the anti-censorship lobby.

In Mr Swan's 15-minute speech, he has just described fundamentalist Christians and feminists as "true sexual fetishists" with "fetishist ravings like those of rubber-freaks or coprophiliacs" and whose attitudes should be seen as a "disease like schizophrenia".

BACKLASH!

Backlash

Sex, said Mr Swan, is the strongest human urge, and challenges anyone in the auditorium to explain how to stop an orgasm once it's started.

The Women's Consultative Council representative takes up Swan's challenge.

"Oh, and by the way Robbie, if you want to stop an orgasm, try having teenage kids banging on the bedroom door just as things are happening. That'll stop it every time."

The 60-odd people at the conference crack up laughing.

A woman identifying herself as "just a fat little Catholic lady" challenges Swan about his former alter ego of Carolyn Sweetly, who edited a now defunct sex magazine, *Ecstasy*.

The Catholic lady says there is something dishonest about Swan's cross-dressing past and wants to know: "So, Mr Swan, are you a man or a woman?"

Swan says he's got: "under-developed breasts and an overgrown clitoris."

The crowd laughs again.

Cosy exchanges like these occur between the two sides in the censorship debate because the foes are so familiar with one another's arguments. But the voices in the censorship debate are poles apart.

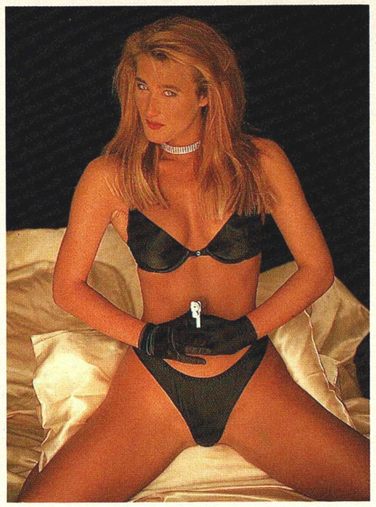
Forces wanting a tighter reign on media censorship in Australia would have us believe that there's never been a more lenient period in this country in terms of what we can and can't consume as readers, viewers and listeners.

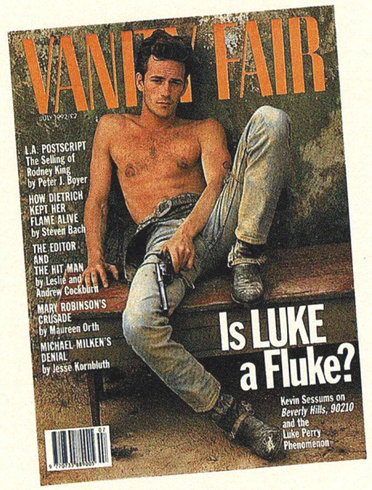
This liberalism is apparently breaking down the family structure, leading to sexually abused children, making men rape, coaxing people to murder and encouraging divorce, teenage pregnancy, suicide, drug abuse and "desensitisation" to violence. The supposedly increasing availability of graphic sexual and violent depictions is of concern to some groups in the community.

These groups declare "Porn Free Zones" in shires and townships; they threaten advertisers who buy space in magazines like *Penthouse*; they campaign for the banning of books from school libraries; they picket magazine offices because they don't like a certain cover; they aim letter-writing campaigns at Commonwealth and State censors and write graffiti over advertising hoardings.

But others say the Nineties is not the liberal decade it is made out to be by feminists, fundamentalist Christians and "Family" groups.

The liberals who fought for enlightened censorship laws for 20 and 30 years, now warn of a backlash against the gains of several decades — a backlash that is becoming entrenched.





Above: The *Australian Penthouse* January 1993 cover rejected by the censors for correlation of sex and voilence because the model carried a fake gun. Below: *Vanity Fair*'s cover of a bare-chested Luke Perry carrying a real gun.

"They sound like loonies to you and I, but these people are actually serious," says Robbie Swan who sees the 30-year gains of the sexual revolution being attacked by the forces of censorship. "The trouble is that bureaucrats and politicians are starting to listen to them again.

"It's the old alliance of feminists and Christians from the turn of the century; the same ones that gave us prohibition in the United States. They got together about five years ago and their progress has been frightening. In the next five years we will either have a status quo, or we'll be back in the 1950s."

Swan's concern is echoed by Australian Consolidated Press publisher, Richard Walsh.

At the Brisbane censorship conference, Walsh railed against the "cant and humbug" of politicians bowing to censorship arguments that are based on lies.

He said censorship lobbyists linking men's magazines with sexual violence was sad and he questioned the motives of politicians who would put men's magazines in bags rather than addressing unemployment.

There is cause to believe that Swan and Walsh's warnings are not just rhetoric. Since January 1992, the Film Censorship Board has banned two notable films. Those movies — *Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer* and *Man Bites Dog* — were both "Refused Classification" by the Film Censorship Board that forms part of the Office of Film and Literature Classification.

The distributor cut a scene from *Man Bites Dog* depicting a woman being raped and killed. The film was given an "R" classification which cleared it for public showing.

A year previously, censorship had come screaming back into the headlines like a flashback from the 1960s.

The offender in this case was the debut director John McHaugton's *Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer*. The film deals with a month in the life of a serial killer in Chicago. The murders are performed on men and women by way of strangulation, gun fire, stabbing and neck-breaking.

The movie was made in 1987 but never made it out of the can because its financial backers had wanted a "schlock/horror" extravaganza and had been disappointed with the lack of violence in the film.

It took three years to play to the public at an obscure American film festival where it got rave reviews.

The Australian and New Zealand distribution rights to the movie were bought at the 1991 Milan film festival by Sydney-based Dendy Films. Co-director of Dendy, Graeme Tubbenhauer, believed he had pulled off a coup by getting the rights to *Henry*.

In early 1992 the movie was refused classification because of certain scenes where sex and violence correlate. Dendy Films rented a studio, hired an editor and set to cutting three scenes that had offended the Board.

"It opened my mind to what is happening in censorship. I hadn't even thought about it for so long; I thought those days were gone but they seem to be coming back. There are people at the Film Censorship Board who understand about creative process and artistic endeavour, but the social reformers are making such a noise and writing so many letters," says Tubbenhauer.

There are other examples that suggest we are seeing the revenge of the conservatives.

Readers of this magazine, and others of its ilk, would have noticed the lack of bare nipples on the covers since early 1992 — the same period that saw *Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer* refused classification twice.

This was agreed to by publishers and the OFLC as new guidelines for the "unrestricted" classification which allows newsagents to sell the magazine in the public section with no bags and no warning stickers.

But by late '92 the OLFC went a step further when it refused to classify as "unrestricted" a *Penthouse* cover and centrefold that featured a bikini-clad Pet Of The Month holding a water pistol.

While *Penthouse* was changing the offending picture selection, a women's magazine was selling an unrestricted publication in newsagents with a cover that featured a bare-torsoed Luke Perry holding what appeared to be a real gun.

Just a few months after the publishers of "men's magazines" agreed to new cover guidelines for unrestricted sale of their publications (no nudity, no nipples), the same women's magazine again managed unrestricted sale, this time with a nude cover featuring Demi Moore.

The attack by censorship advocates on men's magazines while women's magazines are left to their own devices, is something that Richard Walsh refers to as "obscenely dishonest".

Walsh carried the can at ACP when the famous issue of *Picture* magazine was classified Category 1 because it featured a naked woman on the cover with a leashed collar around her neck. The Cat 1 classification meant the magazine had to be bagged and only sold to people 18 years and over.

While feminists used the dog collar episode as a symbol of their fight against photos of naked women in the media, Walsh pointed out that the biggest selling magazine ever in this country was a women's magazine that had, as it's cover story, exclusive photographs of Fergie's breasts.

But the censors' axe had really started falling eight months before men's magazines were curtailed and the *Henry* debacle.

In May 1991, the first piece of literature to be banned or restricted in this country for 22 years got a Cat 1 classification.

American Psycho by Brett Easton Ellis went on unrestricted sale briefly, before a complaint landed the book before the OFLC. The censors decided the book's artistic value did not outweigh the offensive nature of some of the descriptions of a deranged yuppie who turns to serial killing and necrophilia for sexual satisfaction. The last work of literature to be banned before *American Psycho* was the 1969 banning of *Portnoy's Complaint* by Philip Roth.

This was a strange decision for the OFLC to commit itself to. The Office is shy of its predecessor's image as a draconian censor that not so long ago banned titles by George Orwell, James Joyce, John Dos Passos, Ernest Hemingway and Aldous Huxley; an office that had more than 5000 books on its banned list by 1957 and only released DH Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in 1965.

The OFLC now likes to be known as a body that will only ban or restrict books that instruct in the commission of crime.

Their list of recently banned books bears this out: *How To Kill Vol.VI, Do-It-Yourself Gunpowder Cookbook, Deadly Brew — Advanced Improvised Explosives, The Advanced Anarchist Arsenal* and *Physical Interrogation Techniques* all make the list.

Less than a year after the restriction of *American Psycho*, a euthanasia book by journalist Derek Humphrey, *Final Exit*, was refused classification. Chief Censor John Dickie's decision was called "paternalistic" and a return to "wowserism", but it illustrated a consistency in censorship because the book contained information on how to mix lethal drugs.

Family groups make much of the fact that the man who shot dead nine shoppers in Sydney's 1991 Strathfield massacre, Wade Frankum, had a well-thumbed copy of *American Psycho* at his apartment.

Then NSW Coroner, Kevin Waller, linked the book with Frankum's rampage despite the fact that the copy of *American Psycho* shared a room with firearms and military magazines.

The Immigration Department and the Australian Customs Service have also flexed their censorship muscles in the past year.

The Customs Service revealed it lacked a sense of humour when it seized CDs of the American band Pungent Stench earlier this year.

Pungent Stench is a Death Metal band akin to Cannibal Corpse or local group, Sadistik Exekution.

The seizure made Australia the only country to ban Pungent Stench's records, but in an absurd twist to a ludicrous story, the band could still perform live in this country, unless the police decided to close them down.

If a renewed censorship movement in the early Nineties is a cause for concern, the gagging of a person should be a cause for panic.

In the 1990s one can smugly laugh at the 1932 police raids of Sydney cinemas that were showing footage of de Groot's unofficial opening of the Sydney Harbour Bridge.

But in January of this year, the whole spectre of thought control re-entered the news when the Immigration Department

Continued on page 104

Harold spent many late nights memorising lines for his starring role in Hot And Naughty Truck Stop Bimbos.

Grant Kenny is taking care of business

BLUE CHIP MAN

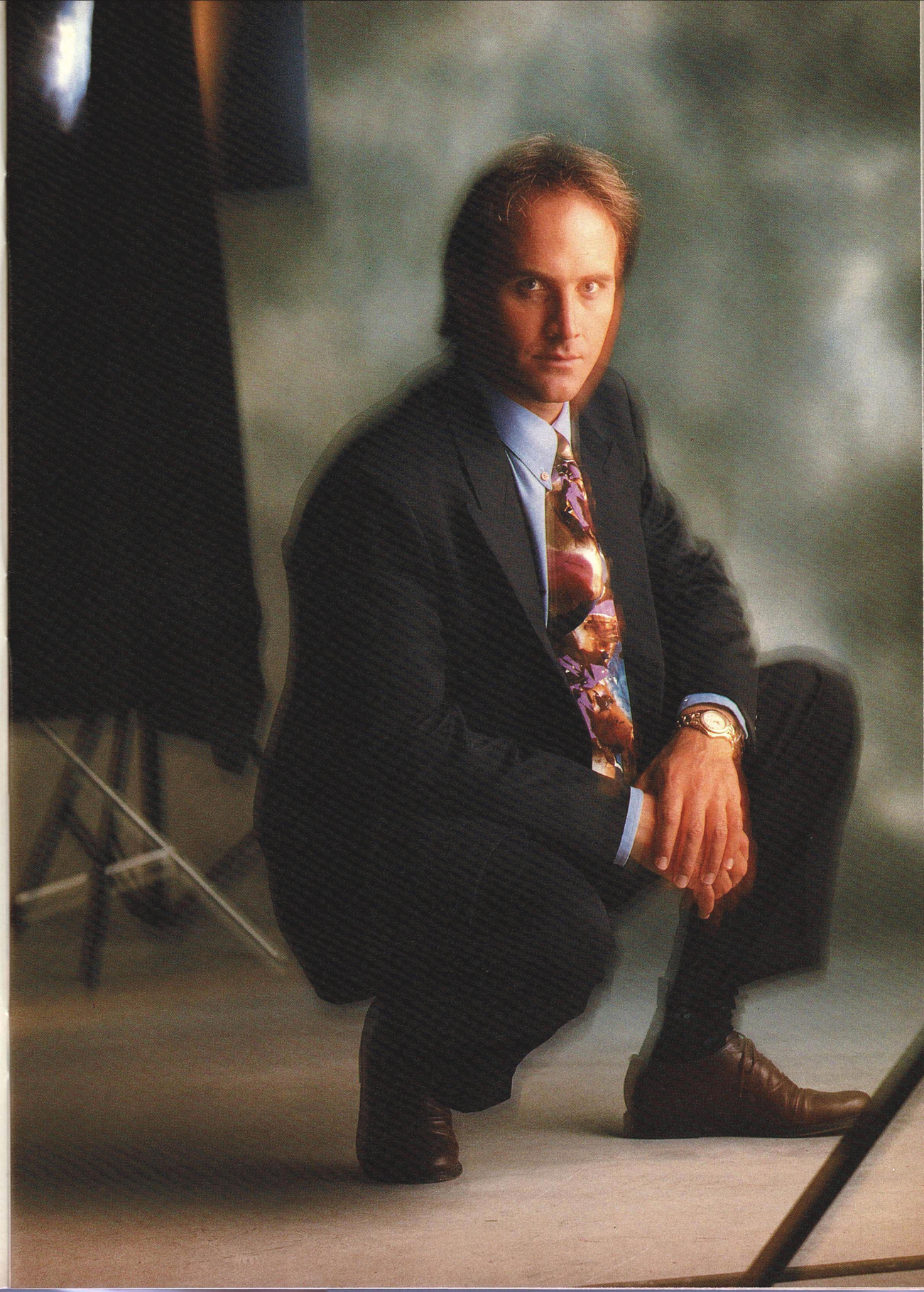
The world-renowned Australian tradition of surf lifesaving has changed almost beyond recognition. And all the aspects of vast change in this last bastion of fair dinkum, pre-multicultural Australia are here on show at Mooloolaba Surf Club on Queensland's Sunshine Coast.

No beer-bellied men in stupidly outdated full-length costumes marching to the migraine-inducing sound of the bagpipes. The lifesaving movement used to be so, well, RSL. But take a look around this place: poker machines line the walls, their buttons pushed by alien tourists who would never have been allowed into a surf club a decade back. The standard keg is replaced by a modern bar that wouldn't be out of place in a fancy-pants nightclub. On one wall, a sponsor's name proclaims its financial support. On another wall hangs a surf ski fitted with a TV camera. The man who paddled it in an iron man competition was well paid to do so. And he was competing for tens of thousands of dollars in prize-money.

That man was Grant Kenny.

BY RICHARD SLEEMAN

PHOTO BY GEOFF HOWDEN



Blue chip man

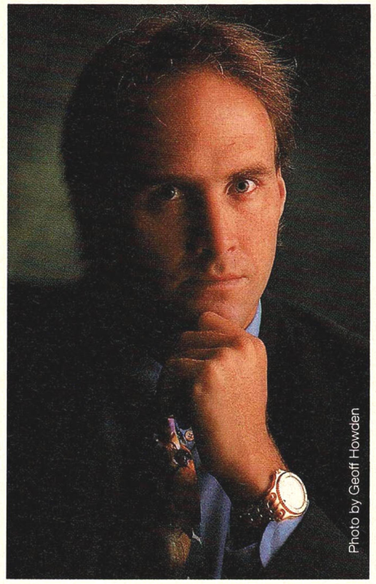


Photo by Geoff Howden

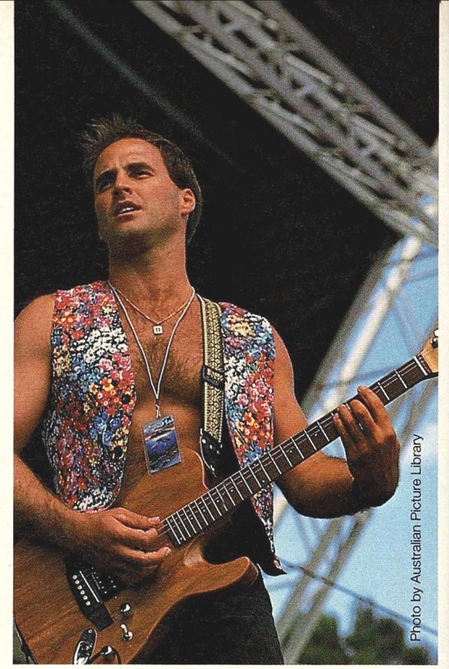


Photo by Australian Picture Library

Kenny is into developing the Sunshine Coast, not paddling it

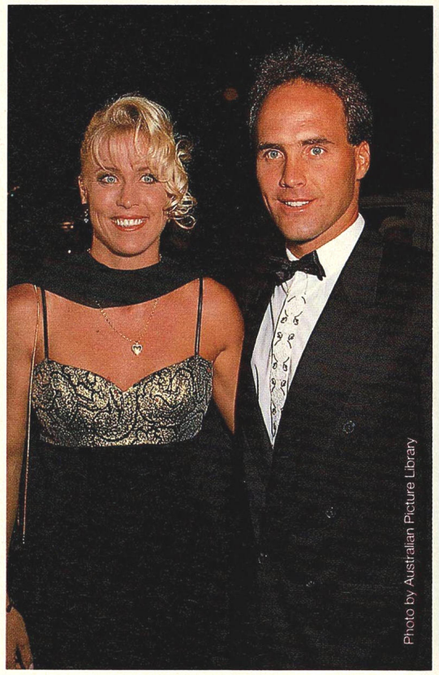


Photo by Australian Picture Library

And all this change is pretty much down to him. Before Kenny won the junior and senior iron man titles in 1980, the lifesaving movement was a private club, much like the Masons. There was no money in it. But "clubbies" did things for each other. What went on in the then men-only surf clubs was a source of some secrecy, again like the Masons. You didn't dare tell your mum or your missus what you got up to after the carnival. The movement even had its own mode of dress. Caps and costumes that dated back to the turn of the century. You never dared raise the subject of money. You saved lives out of a sense of duty; hurled yourself into the breakers in competition because that's what your mates were doing, much like wave after wave of soldiers went over the trenches in the Great War.

Kenny brought a freshness to surf lifesaving. He was handsome, invincible, blond and toothy. The day his father, Hayden, Australia's first iron man 14 years earlier, lifted the 16-year-old Kenny in triumph was the day everything changed in a distinctly Australian tradition.

He was on the back of cereal packets, and doing the chat show circuit. Every father wanted him for a son, every girl wanted to kiss him, every mother wanted to hug him. In short, lifesaving had moved from the beach to the breakfast table. Says Lifesaving's national president Alan Whelpton: "We were slow to embrace the change. Grant's double iron man was the single most important springboard for what lifesaving is today — a high-profile sport in competition for the sponsor's and public's dollar, just like golf or tennis."

So what of Kenny himself? Has he changed, now that he's hit the big 3-0, married Lisa Curry and largely divorced himself from surf lifesaving?

What better way to find out than here in his natural habitat where it all began. The friendly barman says Grant has called, and he'll be around "directly", but in a town and a climate where the news arrives seldom and late, you don't expect that "directly" really means in the next minute or two. Another half-hour goes by. "He's here now," announces the barman. There was no need to. The roar of Kenny's late model BMW and the sound of Jimmy Barnes blasting out of the cassette announces itself.

He bounds up the stairs, complete with pager and mobile telephone. "Sorry... business," he says. But this must be business Mooloolaba style. He is unshaven, wearing wrap-around sunglasses, shorts, joggers and a Hot Curry-brand T-shirt. Lisa is in Brisbane for the day. Grant is minding baby Morgan, and has to pick up Jaimi-Lee from school later on. That, and taking care of business.

His conversation over lunch is spiced with economic jargon. Kenny is into developing the Sunshine Coast, not paddling it. He talks of "site coverage", and "risk management" and "market positioning" and "broad value assessments", of "windows of opportunity" and "prime investments." It's like lunching with Rene Rivkin. The iron man has become the blue chip man. A few days earlier, Kenny rang from his mobile telephone to postpone this meeting. From Sydney airport, he had said: "I've got to rush back. I've got this property deal on. Can't miss it. See you next week." Years ago, the only property that counted was a surf ski. The only thing that mattered was the height of the next wave. Now, in joint ventures with long-time Sunshine Coast developer and Mooloolaba Surf Club president Doug Jewry, Kenny is more concerned about the height of his next property.

One still taking shape is Buderim Forest, a few kilometres to the north. It has 130 blocks, and is valued at almost $4 million. The BMW glides through the main entrance. Kenny, Lisa, Morgan and Jaimi-Lee live here in an open-plan home at the forest's edge.

Kenny parks in the double garage, and invites the visitor in. It is simple, lived-in, comfortable, evident of a life-on-the-move. Both Grant and Lisa are flitting from city to city, country to country on business, or in competition. There are mementos in this house that a sports museum curator would die for. Lisa Curry's gaggle of gold medals from Commonwealth Games; Grant's iron man trophies and his Olympic bronze; pictures of the pair with pollies and princes; the Olympic rings in coloured ribbon; a trophy cabinet overflowing at the edges. There's a pool, of course, but swim star Lisa doesn't use it much. The kids do. At five, Jaimi-Lee is a strong swimmer. At two, Morgan is already learning.

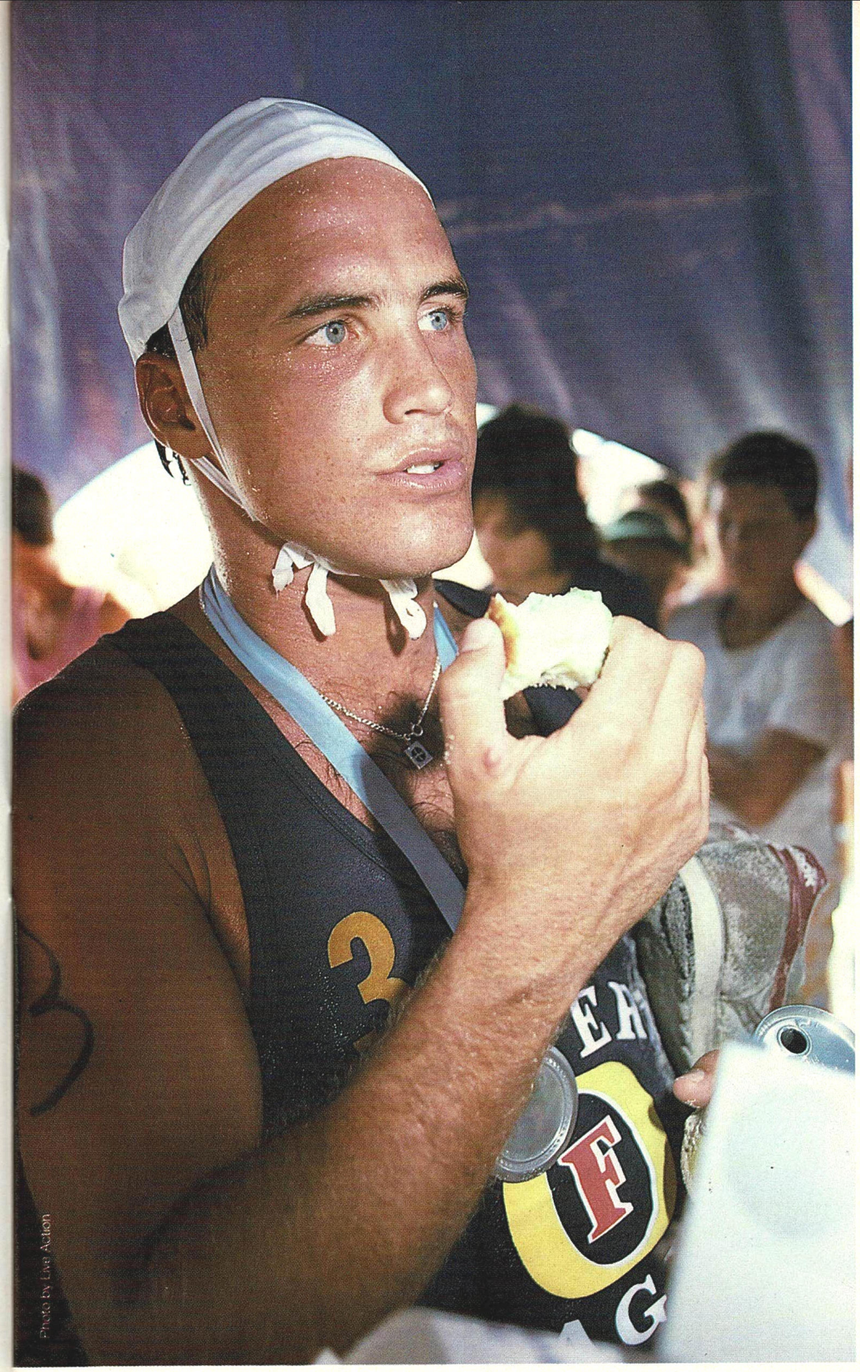


Photo by Live Action

Such was the national obsession with Lisa and Grant's romance that when Lisa's first pregnancy was made public, one newspaper ran a story by a genealogist on the prospects of the child winning an Olympic gold medal in the year 2008. That gushing piece of nonsense which announced a guaranteed pool and surf star 20 years hence omitted to say that Dawn Fraser's brother couldn't swim a stroke. Even the wedding day was chaotic. Police were called to contain and control the crowd. An ambulance had to be summoned after a child fell out of a tree and broke his arm while trying to get a better look. And on leaving the church, the hired Rolls Royce ran over someone's foot. The car had to tack like a yacht up the roadway to avoid the throng.

The Curry-Kennys are an industry, still. Their contract with Uncle Toby's brings in a combined $300,000 annually. It involves television commercials and personal appearances. Kenny is just back from a couple of days in Sydney where he and Lisa hosted a swank product launch for the company. Lisa sang a few muesli bars with Jimmy Barnes. Grant twanged on a guitar with Nathan Cavalieri.

In two offices in their home, and in the main Curry-Kenny office in town, faxes and calls come daily for them to appear somewhere. They have just employed an office manager to tell them what they have time to do.

Kenny is outside his home, proudly surveying the Buderim Forest development. "Our syndicate," he says, "has just secured a parcel of adjoining land." He makes the statement matter-of-factly, like it was the week's groceries he'd just picked up. He omits to say it cost $2 million. "I like the long term," Kenny says, "I'm very comfortable with the residential land market. That is as long as you minimise your exposure ... sell what you've got, or most of it, before you start another. Out of the 130 blocks here, only 20 are left. These are good-sized parcels of land, but cheap."

It is pointed out to Kenny that the businessman's patter sits well with him. He repeats it conspiratorially, mimicking Robert Gottliebsen. Kenny pours an orange juice, and goes back to the days before all this high finance, when flying high meant doing it in an aircraft. "I never wanted to a businessman," he says. "I wanted to be in the air force ... to fly jet fighters. I still fly a lot, and maintain the unrestricted pilot's licence. But I feel I have an obligation to my family. I need something genuine ... something long term." He borrows one of Lisa's favourite quotes: "It's alright being rich and famous, but it's a bugger being just famous."

The recession seems to have overflown Mooloolaba. Says Kenny: "The home unit market around this small part of the coast is at its highest point ever." Certainly it is hard to imagine a better place to enjoy your retirement. It is midwinter, yet the warm sun streams down. "Come and I'll show you the Palm Cove development," he says.

A few kilometres to the north-east, Kenny directs the BMW into a riverside reserve. "We bought this," he says, "for $3.7 million. You can buy 24 townhouses here for between $140,000 and $170,000. It's not all ours. We try to manage the risk carefully. We're not about putting up things that are too expensive." The properties are constructed by his own building company, Grant Kenny Homes. Kenny is asked how far his land extends. With a sweep of the arm, he says: "As far as you can see." There is an added bonus in this lot for buyers. They get to see a couple of Olympic medallists train twice daily on the river. Kenny reveals he is about to go back into full-time training. An approach from Barcelona gold medallist Clint

Blue chip man

Robinson has convinced him to partner Robinson in the double kayak for Atlanta in 1996.

Kenny parks by the side of the tranquil Maroochydore River. "I stopped training because I'd fulfilled a boyhood dream to stand on the medal winners' dais at an Olympics. It was a bronze, but it was a dream achieved. Perhaps if my dream had been to win, I might have done that. That's why I'm off to Atlanta." He's paddling 150km a week again. "But it's great," says Kenny, "to be hurting for a purpose."

There are certainly easier ways to make your way along this river. In the Curry-Kenny boat, for instance. It had been a compulsory stop on the way to the river. At the marina, Kenny had pointed to a massive white craft, a 13 metre offshore racing hull straight out of the opening sequence of *Miami Vice*. It has a TV, video, a microwave, everything that opens and shuts. And it rests just out of the water on a raised platform designed to keep the hull clean. Kenny is marketing both the boats and the platforms in yet another string to his businessman's bow. Grant Kenny Marine is the sole Queensland agent for Fastlane products.

It begs a question: Grant Kenny Homes, Grant Kenny Marine, real estate, Hot Curry leisure wear, Lisa's fitness books and videos — what else? "Well, you know about the travel agency," Kenny says. "No," he's told. Kenny says: "I'll show you on the way back. It's called Suncoast Travel World."

The trappings of wealth sit a little uneasily with both Grant and Lisa. Particularly with Grant. Before the BMW, they had a red four-wheel drive vehicle and a bright yellow Porsche convertible. Kenny says he overheard Jaimi-Lee telling school friends that she would be picked up after school in the Porsche, and rebuked her for it. He told the five-year-old: "From now on, you'll refer to them only as the red car and the yellow car, OK."

Kenny says: "I'll never live like a millionaire. I don't want to. As long as the family is catered for." Family remains of the utmost importance. Kenny says he really couldn't live without his mum, Fae. "I was training at a quarter-to-five this morning," Kenny says. "Mum was there on the doorstep to make sure the kids were OK while I was out. Dad still trains with us when he isn't flying with the Westpac rescue chopper". Brother Martin, once a potential iron man champion too, is a lifeguard at Mooloolaba beach.

His prospects of getting to millionaire status are indeed bright, according to his joint venture partner and business mentor, Doug Jewry. From his office at Cartwright Properties, Jewry says: "I think Grant has a very big future in the business world. He watches, and takes it all in. He does his homework, and he's quick to spot an opportunity, or to let one slide if there's a risk factor. Grant doesn't want to be the richest guy on the coast. Greed puts some developers out the back door. That won't ever happen to Grant."

If he'd been greedy, Grant would have stuck with the Kelloggs company. He was the Nutrigrain kid. Sales rocketed three-fold with Kenny's endorsement. He was the best publicity that the product, and the surfing movement, ever had. Buoyed by the success of the Kenny-Nutrigrain combination, Kelloggs poured millions of dollars into surf lifesaving. Kelloggs still does. But Kenny flogs a rival product, and headed a breakaway professional iron man series which literally blew the Kelloggs-surf lifesaving series out of the water.

The story of how the most successful sports marketing and advertising alliance in Australia unravelled like the sleeves of a market-bought sweater has never been fully told. Kenny is out of the BMW and stretching his deeply-tanned legs by the river's edge. He talks for the first time

Continued on page 101

melissa

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRUCE COULTER

Born and bred in Hornsby on Sydney's North Shore, Melissa Messina now makes her home on the Gold Coast. The blonde 19-year-old model says that men with an ego problem, bad manners and hairy backs will send her scurrying in the opposite direction while "a real romantic gentleman" is always a real turn-on.

strike a pose

Romance plays a big part in the life of the stunning Piscean whose favourite travel destination is Paris.

Melissa's hobbies include water-skiing, aerobics, horse riding, bush walking and dancing. With all that activity it's little wonder she sports such a wonderful physique.

When asked about her favourite sexual fantasy, Melissa takes the coy approach by refusing to reveal it until it's actually happened. Ask her about her most exciting erotic encounter and she laughs, "I got caught doing it in a restaurant." Melissa says that although it has always been one of her ambitions to pose for *Penthouse*, she never thought that it would really happen.

alive & kicking

BY MARK DAPIN
PHOTO BY MARTIN PHILBEY

Kickboxing is destined to become the fightsport of the Nineties

Kickboxing is the sport of the future, an explosion of cinematic stunt-fight action in rounds the length of ad breaks, cut fast and tight for the MTV generation. It feeds off electronic media in a way no other sport does. Tournament takings rise every time a new Jean-Claude Van Damme film is released. Arcade games like "Streetfighter" promote kickboxing in the amusement arcades. An entire genre of straight-to-video movies brings kickboxing action into suburban living rooms. The emergence of the sport in the West has been part of a more general assimilation of Asian culture, from sumo to sushi. From welterweight down, the best fighters will probably still come from Asia, but America and Europe have been producing the world's best at heavier weights for two decades. In the past few years, a crop of hard, technical fighters have made the world lie down and take notice of Australia.

Kicking

Canadian Dale Floyd, the World President of the World Kickboxing Association (WKA) says: "You've got some of the toughest fighters in the world. They're just gonna go out there and fight.

"You've got some really charismatic stars, like Stan Longinidis. He's the kind of guy that can be a spokesman for the sport. Especially with the fact that he knocks out so many people. He has so many first, second and third round knockouts, it's getting almost boring.

"Australia having its own world champions has shaken up the rest of the [kickboxing] world. Alex Tui literally destroyed [Kash Gill] last year."

The vacuum is there for Australian stars to step into, but kickboxing must first put its house in order.

Take the case of Alex Tui: Tui plants a punch as if he is putting something back where it belongs.

Brisbane-born Tui is the WKA's junior middleweight world champion. He is the only Australian kickboxer also ranked top five as a professional boxer. His management say he has the potential to unite the world kickboxing and boxing titles.

Tui is a fine fighter — strong and scientific, casual and explosive, relaxed and threatening. He destroyed boxer Spike Cheney, the WBC international welterweight champion, in three easy rounds in April 1993.

But does his position do him justice?

Tui, described by Stan Longinidis as the best middleweight kickboxer in the world, is not the WKA world middleweight kickboxing champion — England's Kash Gill is. Or Australia's Mick Marshall is.

Tui isn't even the Australian middleweight champion. According to the WKA, South Australia's Anthony Lapia is. According to the International Sporting Karate Federation (ISKA), someone else is. According to the Australian Full-Contact Federation (AFF), Victoria's Paul Major is "the undisputed, undefeated Australian middleweight kickboxing champ".

The WKA is the largest kickboxing sanctioning body in Australia. Its Standardised Tournament Australasian Ratings (STAR) rank fighters at 18 weight divisions. Junior middleweight, at which Tui holds his title, is not one of those divisions.

Junior middleweight is a "catchweight" division, between super welterweight and middleweight. Including catchweights, there are 54 possible divisions. The WKA sanctions bouts to four different sets of rules; USA, world, Australia and international. There are therefore 54 national WKA champions in each of the four fighting styles. That would give 216 world champions recognised by the WKA alone.

The WKA in Australia does not sanction Australian catchweight fights. Craig Larsen, the WKA's Victorian-based national full-time worker, describes catchweight titles as "sanctioning gone mad". But at State level, in the accepted weight divisions, there are still a possible 36 WKA-recognised professional NSW champions. In Victoria there are 54. In WA there are 72. Twelve more titles in every State are awarded by the AFF.

To fight professionally in NSW, a kickboxer must first register with the Government Boxing Authority. There are only six state-resident kickboxers on the GBA's books. (Darren Flynn, the AFF's pro/am NSW champion is not one of them.)

"The same people fight in every [kickboxing] promotion," says David Moreland, secretary to the authority.

NSW is the only state where kickboxing is controlled by the boxing authority. In Victoria, the Martial Arts Board is the governing body. In SA, WA and Tasmania, the WKA is the de facto regulator.

Different State laws prescribe different rules. In WA, a kickboxer can strike with his elbows and knees. In Victoria, he can use his knees but not his elbows. In NSW, he can use neither elbows nor knees.

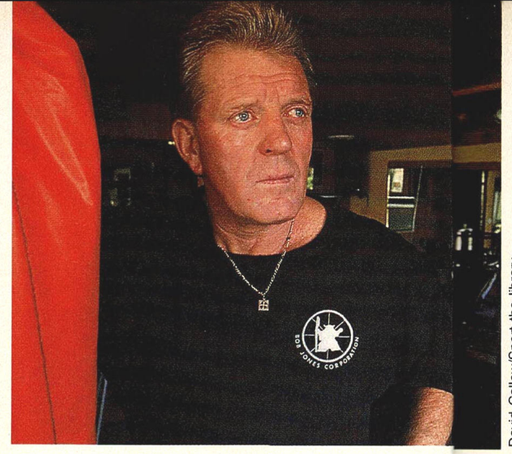
The reasons rest in history.

Western kickboxing began in the USA in 1970, a dangerous time when comic book killers like Count Dante, "the most deadly man in the world", were offering the secret of the death touch by mail order.

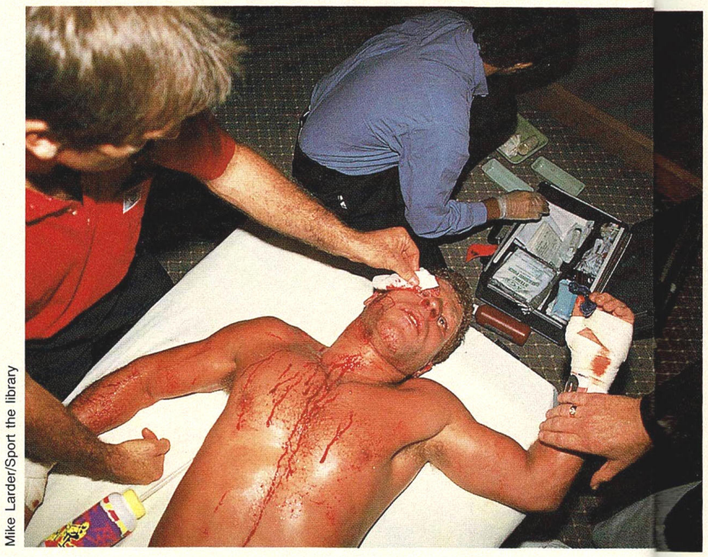
Martial arts teachers claimed they could never use their techniques at full power without killing a man, so their skills were never put to the test.

From the moment Greg Baines and Joe Lewis pulled on boxing gloves and shin pads for the first full-contact karate fight, the days of the charlatans were numbered.

Melbourne martial arts mogul Bob Jones says he was "sick to death of the death touch and the wild claims made by esoteric martial artists." It was time for the blusterers and the boasters to show what they were made of. Jones imported kickboxing to Victoria in 1976.



David Callow/Sport the library



Mike Larder/Sport the library

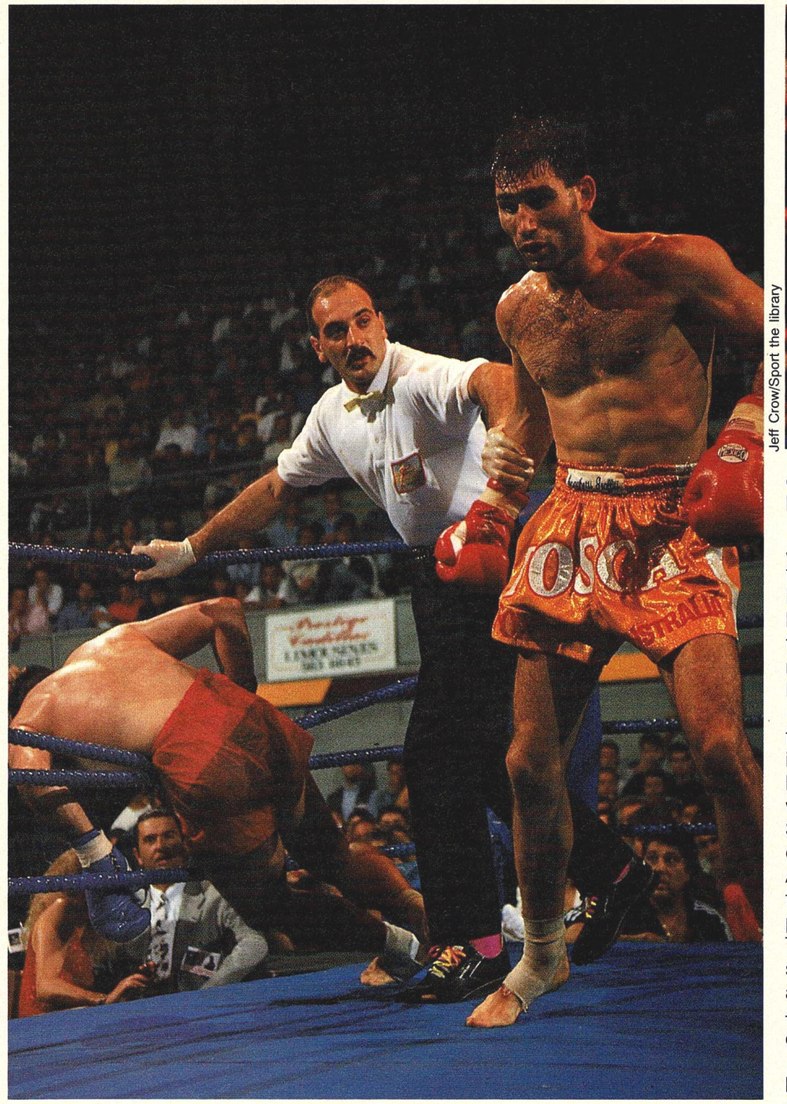
Clockwise from top: Melbourne martial arts mogul Bob Jones; Australia's Tasis Petridis disposes of American Mike Cole; Stan Longinidis on the charge; Australian Al Atouri receives some post-match attention.

The first rules of kickboxing were modifications of the rules of contest karate. Fighters wore long, loose trousers and shin pads. All kicks had to be targeted above the opponent's waist, and eight such kicks had to be thrown every round, to prevent the bout degenerating into a boxing match.

These rules survive in pockets today. The WKA calls them "Australian" or "AKA" rules, and sanctions the occasional bout.

The Australian Full-contact Association, a smaller Victorian-based body, continues to fight pretty much to AKA rules.

Then came leg-kicking, popularised in the west by Benny "The Jet" Urquidez. A leg-kicking fight becomes more of a war of attrition, with repeated blows wearing down the opponent's thighs. The big money in professional karate is in Japan, and leg-kicking is well established there.



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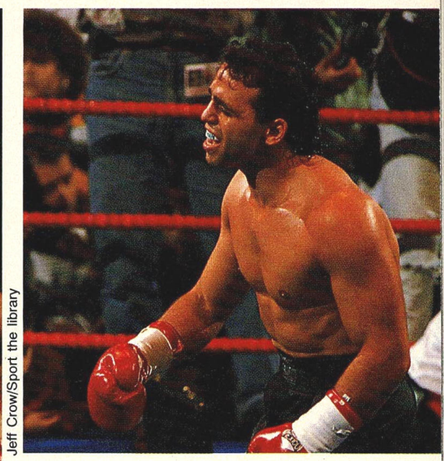


Jeff Crow/Sport the library

"USA" rules abolished the minimum kick requirement and allowed leg-kicks. These rules are enshrined in law in NSW. Alex Tui holds his WKA title at USA rules, as does Stan Longinidis.

In 1988, Bob Jones and other Australian martial artists went over to Thailand to learn more about Muay Thai. Muay Thai, or Thai boxing, is the closest thing to a street fight ever to be refereed. The Thais throw knees in high and elbows up close. They grapple in the clinches and battle like demons.

In every state but NSW, it is now possible to fight to International Rules — a softer version of Thai rules. Knee strikes are permitted, but not to the head. Limited grappling takes place.

In WA, "World" rules are sanctioned. Boxers can fight full-on Thai. There are three Australian WKA World Rules champions at the time of writing.

"World is the hardest, but you need it to fight Asians," says Nick Stone, a Sydney cruiserweight who fought under International rules. Stone is rated as the number one contender by the WKA and number four by ISKA, despite the fact he retired in 1991.

Stone lived and trained in Thailand, but when he came to Australia "couldn't get a Thai fight for love nor money." He is one of the harshest critics of the NSW Boxing Authority. He says their refusal to allow knee and elbow strikes heavily disadvantages NSW fighters.

"It's bullshit, pathetic, rat-arse crap," says Stone. "We're not in line with the rest of the country. It sets our fighters back years in interstate competitions, therefore it's more dangerous."

Dave Moreland, for the Boxing Authority, says "there is no evidence to prove that safety is increased by the use of knees and elbows" and points to the high number of ring injuries in Thailand.

Elbows bring the fight in closer. Bob Jones says kickboxing is "athletic, graceful". It's fought from two metres away instead of toe-to-toe. But the spectacular highkicks are not combat effective. If they were, no rule would ever have been needed to enforce their frequency. Elbows are deadly at a short distance.

WKA president Dale Floyd says: "The full-contact karate to me in a lot of ways is more exciting to watch. It's harder to kick someone in the head. In the [1992 world heavyweight title] fight between Stan Longinidis and Denis Alexio, the crowd was really disappointed when Alexio got his leg broken [by a leg kick] ten seconds into the first round. They paid 30 bucks to get in, and it's over. They'd have been much happier if ten seconds into the fight he'd walked up and kicked him in the head and — bang — he was knocked out. It would've been clear cut.

"They see a guy get kicked in the head and they go 'Wow!'. They see a guy get kicked in the leg and they go 'Ow!'.

"[The WKA] have been moving away from the elbows because we find that people are getting cut with them, and it looks bad to the general population when they see someone throwing an elbow. It looks like a dirty move. It's designed to cut you so that the fight's ended."

But, says Floyd, "if you're a world champion, you should be able to fight any style there is, even boxing."

Relations between kickboxing and boxing have always been stormy. Mick Spinks, trainer of WKA Australian Heavyweight Champion Grant Barker, says kickboxers have earned the respect of the boxing fraternity through boxing in amateur tournaments, but admits "they loosely termed us 'scratchers and biters' in the beginning."

Continued on page 98

Leader of the pack

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

Kim and Nicky were tired of doing all the things that ordinary tourists do, so they decided on a ride around town on a roaring Harley.

They made their appointment and were pleasantly surprised when Steve thundered by the hotel lobby to pick them up. One at a time they held onto Steve tightly as he showed them what his machine could do and by the time they got back to the workshop, Kim and Nicky had given him the green light.

The girls gave Steve customer feedback of the most sensual kind as the threesome feasted on each other's bodies.
By the time they made love, their engines were throbbing and they showed little sign of slowing down. They were regularly revving each other well into the danger zone but they disregarded any risk of overheating as they made love in every position and combination their imaginations would allow.

HD

part 2

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE BROWN
WORDS BY MARK ABERNETHY

Some Aussie battlers have four legs

working LIKE A DOG

In last month's *Australian Penthouse* we published the first in our two part series on the lives of working dogs. We covered racing Greyhounds and the German shepherd police dogs that guard RAAF bases.

This month, we look at the Quarantine Service's beagles, Explosive Detection dogs from the Australian Army, the NSW Police dogs and general security dogs.

These animals continue a tradition that is thousands of years old. Whether through breeding, training or natural temperament, dogs have always proven their usefulness to humans in many different roles and in a multitude of conditions and climates. Here are Australia's working dogs.

GENERAL SECURITY DOG

These are the animals straining on the leash at 2am when you tell a security guard that you're just looking for your car.

Sydney security guard Ross Earby considers himself typical of security guards. His dog, Sax, however, is anything but typical. At 78kg, the six-year-old male Rottweiler outweighs alot of adult male humans. When a person walks too close to the Hyundai van that the dog is kept in, the animal can shift the vehicle several feet sideways by slamming into the windows.

Earby says the Rottweiler is most effective in night-time building searches, factory lock-outs and crowd control.

Earby trained the dog himself to quickly search the premises he guards. For attack work, the dog needed no training.

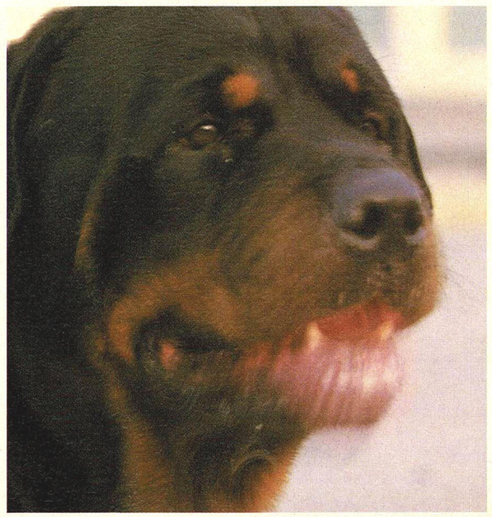
"You don't need to teach a dog like this to defend you or to catch an intruder. If you're close to your dog and he trusts you, he'll know when it's time to become aggressive. The trick is to have him absolutely obedient.

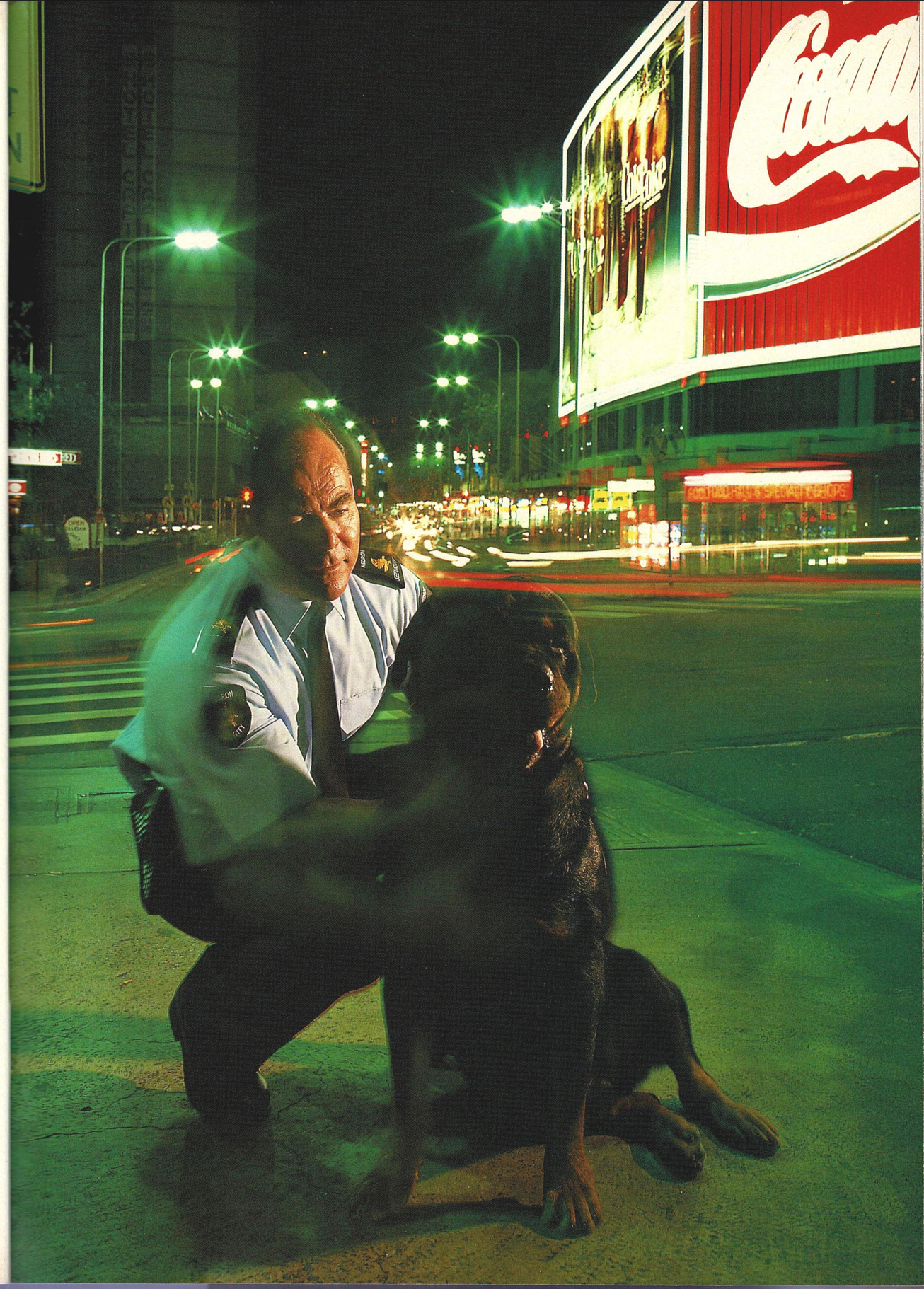
"With something like a street brawl in the area of a client's property, we just use the dogs and that does the trick; they just stop."

Typical security dogs work 12 hours a day for five or six days a week.

"I like Rottweilers because they get on with the job, they don't get distracted."

When Sax is retired in a few years, he will stay on as a pet at the Earby house. "He's a big sook at home — the kids climb all over him."

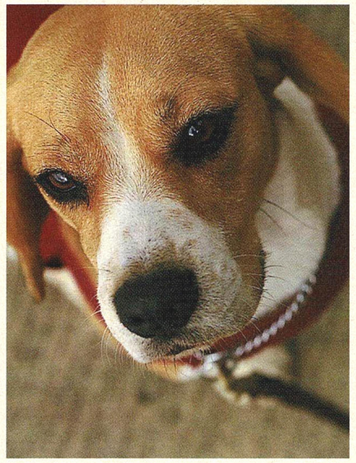




working LIKE A DOG

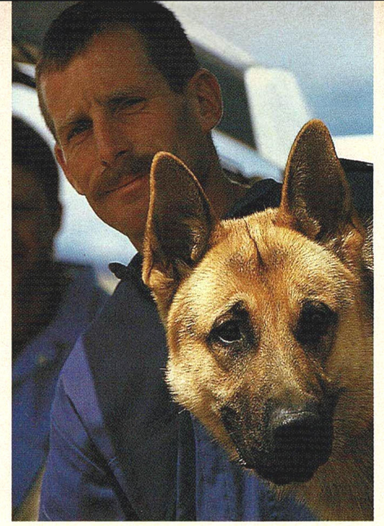
AUSTRALIAN QUARANTINE SERVICE

In 1992 the Australian Quarantine and Inspection Service introduced two working beagles.
The dogs, Melody and Winston, were introduced on a trial basis in Brisbane and Sydney airports after the 90 percent success rate of beagles at airports and mail centres in North America.
These two animals became known as the Beagle Brigade.
The trial was so successful that the Beagle Brigade of the future will have 15 of the highly trained dogs based at various airports and ports around Australia.
They are trained by an American professional to sniff out foodstuffs and animal and plant matter as well as live animals. Their sense of smell is rated at more than a thousand times greater than that of a human — their smell is so good that they will "indicate" a bag that doesn't contain food but that has been used to carry a lunch box.
The animals work around baggage carousels. On the command of "seek" they work along a line of bags. When they detect something quarantinable they sit still and wait for the handler to arrive. They are rewarded with food.
Unlike some working dogs, the beagles have a happy ending to their careers. Because they are non-aggressive dogs, their handlers have the choice of taking them as pets when they are retired.



working LIKE A DOG

NEW SOUTH WALES POLICE FORCE



"Everything should be a game for working dogs," says the Police Dog Training Co-ordinator, Bob Cameron. "If a dog likes what he's doing he's more likely to do his job properly. They work for praise and play."

A police dog's job is a varied occupation that combines the skills of tracking, attack work and searching.

They are very effective in searching a building for intruders where Cameron says one properly trained dog can do a better, faster job than 50 police officers.

The animals are also favoured in the dispersal of unruly, violent or drunken crowds. Pub brawl situations are a perfect example, says Cameron, where deploying police officers could just enrage a crowd further. "But if you send a couple of dogs into a pub brawl of 400 people, you find that 350 of the brawlers will immediately want to leave."

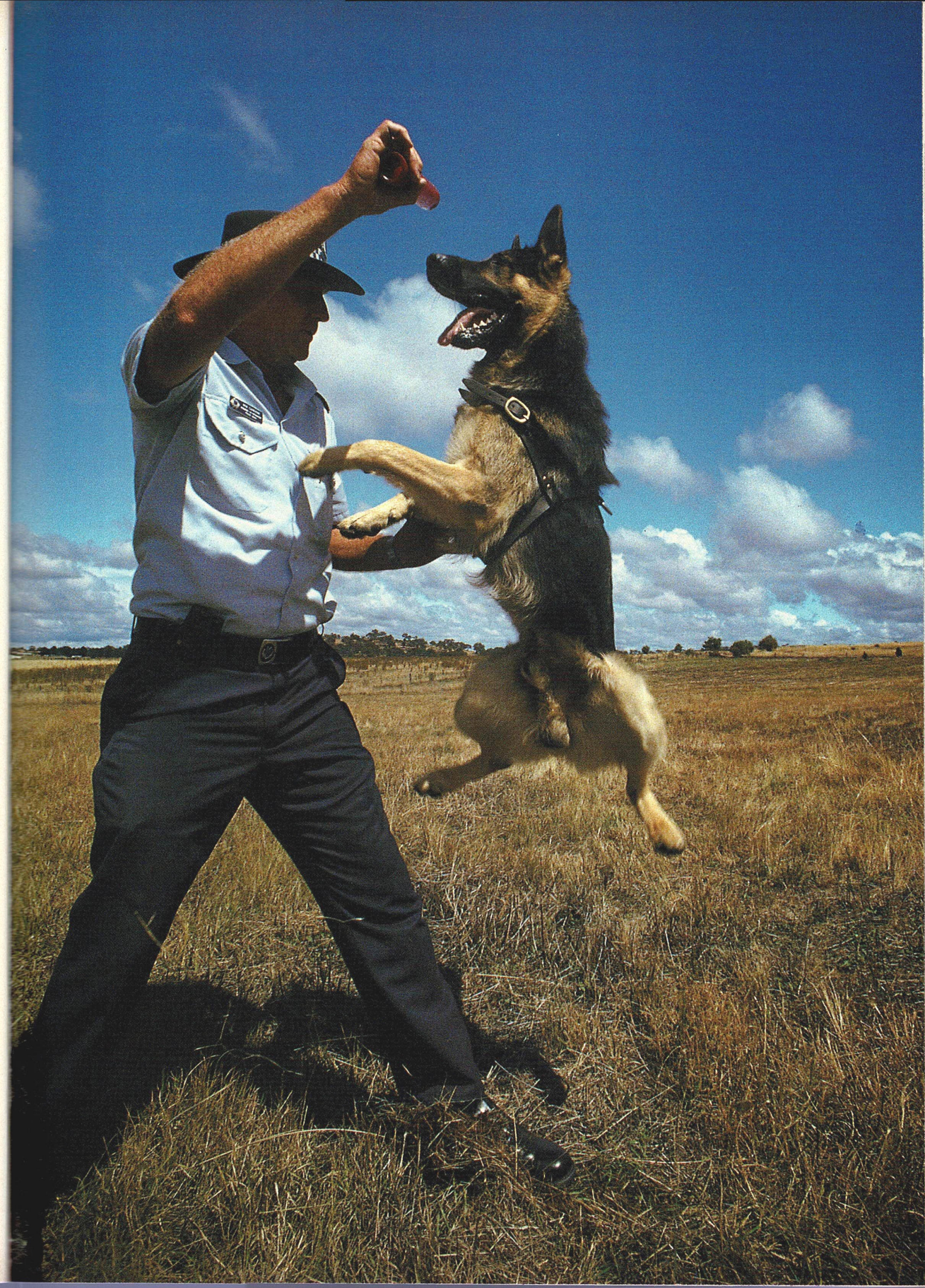
The NSW Police Force has 56 police dogs, all of them German shepherds and the vast majority of them male. They are recruited through public offers and must be aged between six and 24 months to qualify for training.

Cameron and his training team look for dogs that are fanatical retrievers of balls, sticks, bones etc and that show a strong character.

From every 100 dogs looked at, one will make the training program and some will not complete training. By the end of training, the dogs that make it will eat, sleep and defecate on command.

Only one in 50 applicants for the dog handler positions will make it. In NSW, Cameron will review every dog handler at least once a year for on-going suitability for the position.

Police dogs are suitable as pets when they're retired.



working LIKE A DOG

ARMY EXPLOSIVE DETECTION DOG

There is nothing better than a dog for finding explosive. At Holsworthy Army base west of Sydney, the Army Engineers' bomb dogs undergo "continuation training" every day of their lives.

The animals are used by the Army to locate hidden firearms, ammunition, all types of explosive and items associated with explosive or firearms.

They have performed such tasks as securing areas for the tours of George Bush and The Queen, through to searching for people hidden in prisons, manning vehicle checkpoints in Somalia and doing routine searches during Expo 88.

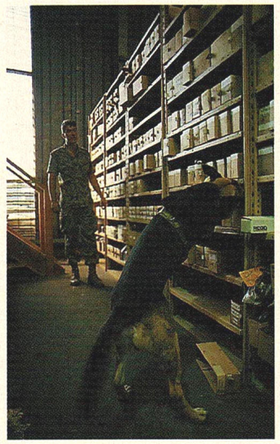
Dogs are taken aged six months to two years and trained for up to six months.

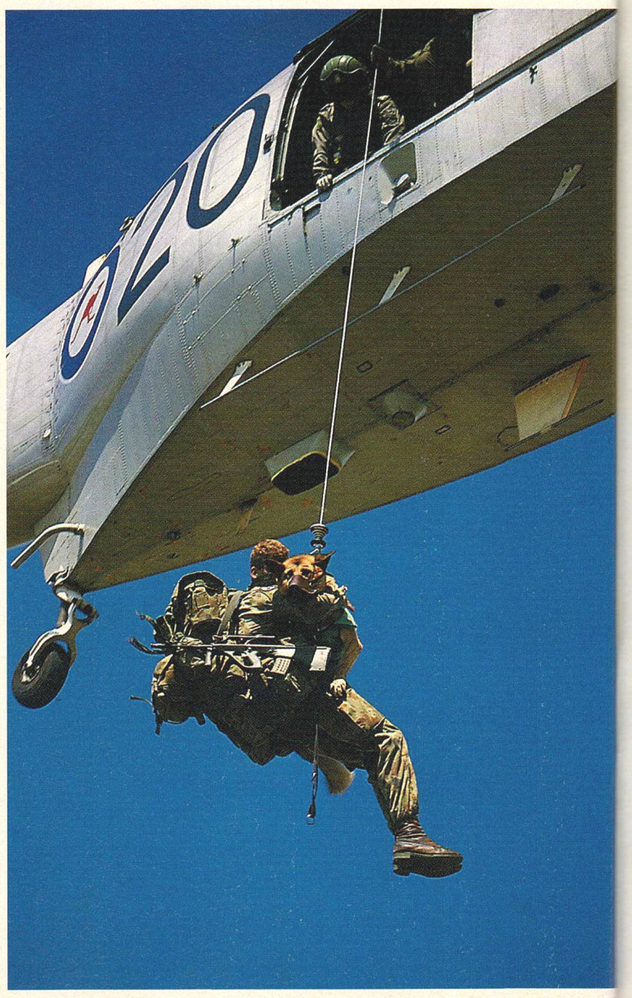
The Army is looking for a completely obedient, frantic retriever of objects that then becomes possessive of the object. "If a dog is possessive of something it will always be able to detect it," says the NCO in charge of the Dog Section, Mark Clifford.

The dogs are trained to retrieve a stim; a relay baton-sized plastic canister containing explosive. Much of their training revolves around the simple act of running after a canister and stopping when commanded to do so. The dogs also go through extensive agility training that is best described as canine gymnastics.

The animals used by the Army have to be good travellers because they are flown all around the country, and they have to be unafraid of being winched from a helicopter to search sites.

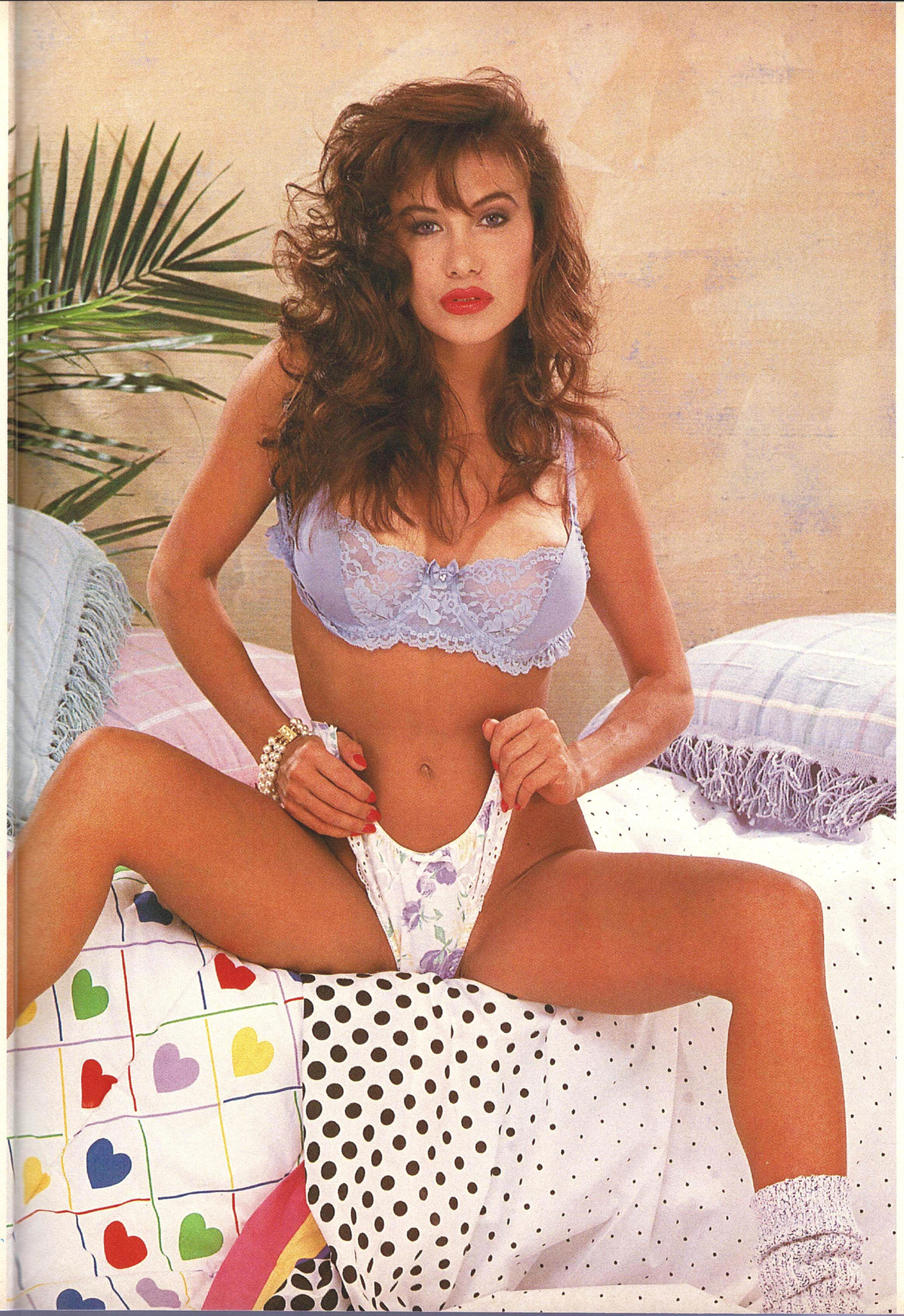
The Explosive Detection dogs boast a 90-percent success rate. The other ten percent can be the result of intense heat, fatigue or an "off day" that Clifford says dogs have just like humans.





PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

ART OF DESIRE



Denise Hewitt is a student doing a double major in fine arts and literature.
"I'm fascinated by the concept of desire," confides Denise. "If you want something really badly, you'll go after it with everything you've got despite what common sense tells you to do. I like studying representations of passion whether they are in paintings, novels or sculpture."

The 24-year-old is nearing the end of her studies and says she wants to follow her dream to see the world.
"I want to travel to parts of the world where passion is still an important part of life. Places like Spain, Brazil and Italy really appeal to my curiosity about all desires intense."

Vice Wars

Continued from page 37

problems facing the city of Manila and the country as a whole. As well as scapegoating Western tourists, the campaign conveniently diverts attention from priorities that should concern any municipal authority.

What is worse is that the moral crusade — like most moral crusades — is severely effecting the very people it is designed to save. Sexual tourism and prostitution may not be nice but it sure beats starvation and unemployment.

Predictably, the campaign has just displaced the sex industry to other parts of the capital and the country.

The greater Manila region is made up of four cities and the 13 boroughs that constitute Mayor Lim's region of Manila city. Prostitution and the bars are thriving in the business area of Makati and in Pasay City both of which are about 15 minutes by cab from the centre of Ermita. Indeed, Visions and Firehouse have already moved to Pasay and are located only a stones throw away from the Holiday Inn, one of the greater Manila region's best-known hotels.

Though tourism is down in Ermita and the bars look closed, some of the establishments carry on surreptitiously. A visitor walking down del Pilar or Mabini street is likely to see a door open (with General Lim's wooden bars still attached to it) and a mouth beckoning one to come in. The same mouth will provide a blow-job for 250 pesos ($15) or "short-time" for the same amount. Beware! Being caught in an illegal pub by the Mayor's men is bad enough, but being caught with your pants down could involve a hefty bribe and a few days in the lock-up.

Not all the former Ermita bar girls have remained unemployed. Some have moved to the island of Puerto Galera which can be reached in five hours by bus and ferry from Manila. The island boasts fine beaches, cheap accommodation and hundreds of "companions."

Angeles City, formerly the home of the huge United States Clark Air Base, increasingly attracts former Manila bar girls. Angeles was devastated by the withdrawal of the Yanks and then, in a double whammy, smothered by volcanic ash when Mount Pinatubo exploded.

General Lim has helped markedly in the extraordinary revival of Angeles. Tourists are bypassing Manila and are coming straight to the city even though they know it dangerously nestles on the edge of a still active volcano.

The influx of hospitality girls from Manila has led to a sexual supermarket where even the poorest backpacker can turn his wildest fantasy into reality.

"Angeles is again becoming the sex capital of the Philippines," Howard Sleebush, formerly manager of Firehouse told me. "I'm living in Angeles because it's much safer than Manila and the bars are coming back here."

But in the city of Manila the crusade against sex intensifies.

Lim is winning the public relations war against sexual tourism and against the bar owners.

The final blow was struck in March this year when a 52-year-old New Zealand tourist died of a heart attack after what were undoubtedly energetic exertions with a nubile bar girl.

The Mayor and the media harangued the public mercilessly about sexual tourism. Already aggressive and corrupt Manila Police shifted into overdrive in their harassment of tourists and bar-girls.

The results are ugly. Trevor Browser (not his real name) works out of the fishing vessels based in Darwin. He earns big money and for the last eight years has spent months on end in Manila during his non-working period. Trevor has never before been in trouble with the police either in the Philippines or in any other country.

In February this year Trevor was drinking quietly by himself in an Ermita bar. A German tourist and his Filipino female companion standing nearby began talking to him. They all shouted drinks for each other.

The woman asked the German for some cannabis which was duly supplied. Then the German said he had to go and disappeared. Ten minutes later the Filipino woman excused herself and said she would be back shortly .

She returned as promised, but with a group of police who promptly arrested Trevor for supplying cannabis. He spent 80 days in jail before being released. He claims that he paid over $30,000 in bribes to corrupt police. Looking like a skeleton after his ordeal in a Manila prison, Trevor summed up one of the consequences of the Mayor's crusade against sex: "Lim has just given the police and the courts the chance to be even more corrupt" he told me, "and there are plenty of other foreigners who have found that out beside me."

A few years ago Britain's staid *Economist* magazine said that "what separates [the Philippines] from the rest of East Asia is its sense of openness, freedom and fun". Filipinos are undoubtedly some of the friendliest, warmest and most hospitable people on earth.

One of the dangers of Mayor Lim's crusade against sex is that this image may become lost forever. And both Filipinos and tourism generally will suffer because of it.

**Paul Wilson is a writer and criminologist*

"...It's called the sheepskin cover"

HOLE OUT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HARROLL

You can make a bet that beautiful August Souther will never be far from the fairways and bunkers of the golf course. August is a fanatical golfer who says that she would never give up her hobby. "I spend every day out in the open playing a game I really love."

The honey-blonde Scorpio confesses to having made love many times on the golf course and she says that you haven't lived until you've had wild sex under a full moon on the approach to the eighteenth.
At the moment August spends her time playing at a number of small suburban golf courses but she admits to having a weakness for big city nightlife.
"With a hot summer night, a cool cocktail, some good music and a slinky dress, I'm practically unstoppable."

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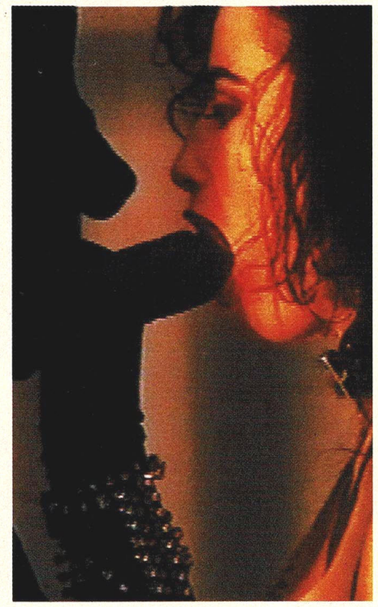

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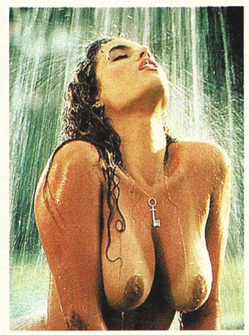

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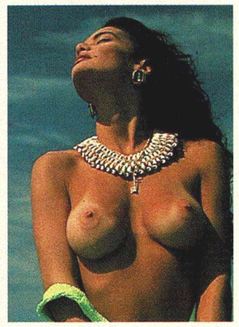

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Kickbox

Continued from page 69

David Moreland, from the NSW Boxing Authority, says "my impression is the majority of normal fist fighting people think [kickboxing] is a joke ... I haven't noticed [the perception] changing."

Grant Chapman, NSW state amateur boxing coach, says "he who kicks has only one leg to stand on."

Kickboxing is typically seen as flashy and impractical, and its practitioners as men who can't take the constant punishment of toe-to-toe, body-to-head slogging.

When Alex Tui was introduced as a kickboxer to boxing crowds in the mid-Eighties, he was booed. In the clash with Cheney, the perception of Tui as primarily a kickboxer probably worked in his favour.

Spike Cheney was undefeated as a professional boxer. After a third round pounding from Tui's rips and straight rights at the Hordern Pavilion, he stayed on his stool when the bell rang for the fourth.

"I expected [Cheney] was gonna give me a harder fight," says Tui. "What I believe happened was that he maybe underestimated what I could do to him, and I think it played on his mind a bit. He really did give in."

With a few exceptions, like mixed-bill promoter John McColl, the boxing establishment is unsympathetic to the younger sport. To have the NSW Boxing Authority as kickboxing's guardian may not help the game thrive, but as long as the NSW Boxing and Wrestling Control Act defines boxing as "fist fighting or kickboxing" the authority will have the last word.

The Boxing Authority does actually recognise the WKA as the ultimate sanctioning body. All bouts in NSW must have WKA approval, but "we've had our differences [with the Boxing Authority]," says Dale Floyd.

"You guys are more government-regulated than any country in the world. It's amazing. Some of the people I've dealt with are very good people, very professional. A couple of them have very antiquated ideas, are very slow to change.

"They've got to loosen up a little bit and realise that the sport is evolving. It's not like boxing, which has been the same for a hundred years. They have to move with the changes."

Floyd, the corporate diplomat, says on balance the authority is "actually an asset rather than a hindrance." June Chen, the WKA's NSW representative, says "I wouldn't say they were an asset, but they are cooperative now."

Relations might be helped by the fact that boxing needs new blood. Crossover fighters like Alex Tui could bring the kickboxing crowds to cash-starved boxing tournaments. Promoted correctly, kickboxing can deliver a family audience. If a portion of that audience came over to boxing, it could help arrest the decline of the inner-city gyms.

Tui started boxing at 21 years old, to supplement his kickboxing training. "I needed to improve my hands," he says. Watch him now, and you would swear he had been born with gloves on.

Tui lives in Redfern's Eveleigh Street, and works full-time at Tony Mundine's gym there.

The fight game has had little effect on his broad Tongan good-looks, but the crashing of too many left hooks has all but closed up his right ear.

They call him the World Champion of Eveleigh Street, a street that has taken a lot of knocks and always come back fighting. He trains kids from Sydney's poorest homes, and most of them come to the sessions because Tui is a world champion. But, he says, "it's hard for me to tell them the benefits of being world champ when I have nothing but scars to show them." At first, he says, "kickboxing was so up and down, and in between I got a few boxing fights just to keep me going.

"My first boxing fight, I fought six rounds and I got paid $100. That was while I was still an amateur kickboxer. I used to win trophies in that, you know. One hundred dollars was a lot of money to me. I thought, 'Wow, I'd do this any day'. I'd rather have some money than a trophy."

Later on, fighting in Bill Mordey's boxing promotions, he started to earn "decent money" — $100 per round.

Tui took his kickboxing title from British fighter Kash Gill. Gill beat him in England, Tui wiped out Gill in the Australian rematch three months later. Tui earned US$1000 for the UK fight, and $3000 for the Australian bout.

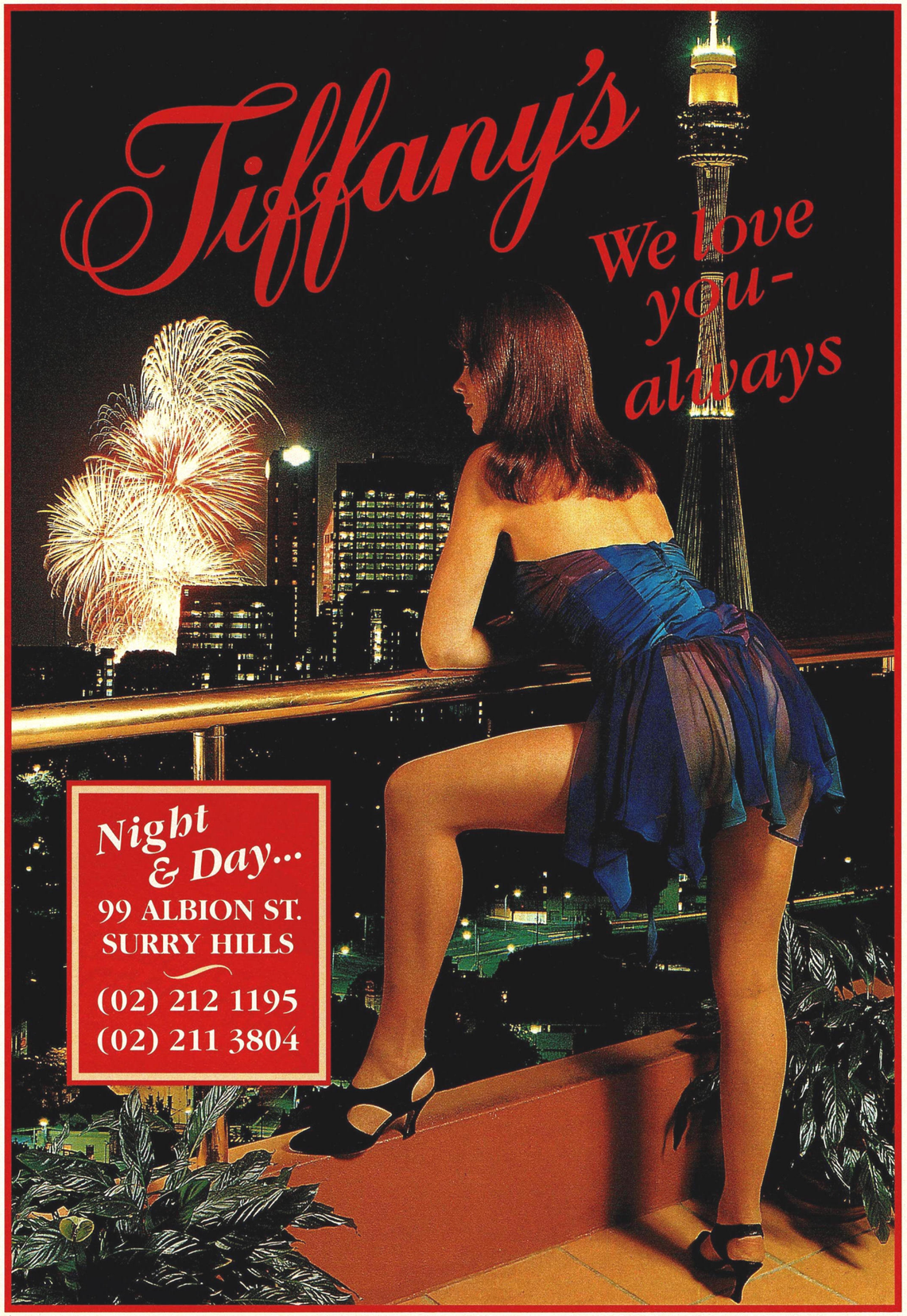
"I understand it's a new sport, and you can't expect the promoters to pay big money straight out," he says.

Tui is 31-years-old. "For me," he says, "opportunities have come up late." If he is going to make any real money out of fighting, he should concentrate entirely on boxing but, he says "kickboxing is my first love. I do it because I enjoy doing it."

In fact, kickboxers are more likely to be crippled financially than physically. The going rate for a title fight can be as low as $700. Two thousand dollars is a good purse. Alex Tui knows he should concentrate on boxing. He expects to be fighting for another two years. There is at least a chance of a big pay-off against the faceless names that hold world middleweight titles with the WBA or WBC — Reggie Johnson or Julian Jackson.

Even if he won a rematch with Kash Gill, now the WKA's middleweight champion, Tui might get rich faster if he bought a scratchie.

When Stan "the Man" Longinidis, the Greek-Australian fighter the Americans call "the White Tyson", climbed into the ring to trade full-contact kicks and punches with Dennis "the Terminator" Alexio, a man with a record that proved him to be one of the most dangerous men in the world, Longinidis received a post-expenses purse of nothing. In old money, he got fuck all.



"Tell me again how you're going to "eat" me..."

Blue chip man

Continued from page 54

about the break-up with Kelloggs.

"I got so fed up and frustrated with Kelloggs," he says. "I was at them for months to listen to me about the way the iron man series could take off on commercial television ... how it could be so much better ... how the company's exposure and public profile could be improved ... how they'd get more value for money. My contract had expired. They wanted to renew it. But they just wouldn't listen to me.

"I tried to arrange meetings on a number of occasions, but it didn't seem to be happening. I want to make the point that my switch wasn't based on money. I knew that Kelloggs would pay what I asked. But I wanted to launch the iron man series. Uncle Toby's liked that idea."

Uncle Toby's had also been good to Lisa for a long while, dating back to her work fronting the national swimming program, a series aimed at identifying elite young talent. Then came the muesli bar ads where Lisa was named "most credible presenter on TV" and sent market-share rocketing by 350 percent.

Kenny says the Uncle Toby's response was swift. "They needed very little persuasion," he says. "I was signed right away. I was happy to be aligned with a family-type company that sold nutritious products. I want to make this point though: the switch was not a decision I took lightly."

Kenny doesn't seem to have been wrong very often. The professional iron man series, with Uncle Toby's backing, continues to flourish with names like Hendy, Leech and Riddington riding on the back of Kenny's trailblazing. The Kelloggs-sponsored surf lifesaving series, headlined by Darren and Dean Mercer, suffered a wipe-out after a couple of seasons. The Mercer brothers are nice lads, but they're not Grant Kenny. National lifesaving president Alan Whelpton says he bears no grudges: "How can you? Grant has been too fine a competitor, and too fine an ambassador. He'll always be welcome in surf lifesaving."

Matters other than surf and sand occupy him now, anyway. He points to the Hot Curry-brand logo on his shirt. Says Kenny, a little cheekily: "This will be the biggest-selling brand of leisure and gymwear by Christmas." One of the company's aims is to outfit an Olympic team. An opportunity exists to do so now that the Australian Wool Corporation, outfitters of Australian Olympic teams since 1956, has withdrawn its support. Flick go the shears, boy, flick, flick, flick! "Why are we always the worst dressed team at the Olympics?" Kenny asks. He's right. We are. All those koala, and kangaroo paw motifs are to the fashion industry what Fred Nile is to gay rights.

As a member of the canoeing team to LA and Seoul, Kenny endured some pretty awful clobber. But it wasn't the worst. The worst was the outfit for the Moscow team. That kit included a straw boater and garishly striped blazer. Unfortunately for them, the accredited Australian press corps was outfitted the same way.

One journalist, was given expense money to buy some additional clothes for official functions. He took the boater and blazer to a classy men's fashion store in downtown Sydney. "What should I wear with this lot?" he asked the salesman. The salesman took one look at the blazer and boater and answered: "Dark glasses."

Says Kenny: "The fashion gurus say you can't do much with green and gold. But Lisa and I don't go along with that. It's nonsense. I'd love to outfit an Olympic team. I'll guarantee they won't be an embarrassment as we seem to be so often".

Kenny is detailing the stores that will carry the Hot Curry range come Christmas when the mobile phone rings. Another property deal is in the offing. "Have to go," he says. And then we are zooming up the highway toward another Kenny-owned development at Coolum.

Here there are 24 units, offered for between $129,000 and $175,000. Eight were sold off the plans. Kenny is back in dealspeak. "This is a terrific project for us," he says. "There just isn't any waterfront land available on the coast these days. We were super-lucky to get this. Look at that beach across the road. Great, isn't it? Interest is really keen on this one. I expect we'll have no trouble selling all 24."

Kenny is asked how far we are from Maroochydore. "About an hour's paddle north," he says. "I know. I do it a few times a week." Isn't that dangerous what with sharks and the burning sun? "No," says Kenny. If the recession hasn't been able to swallow him up, what harm could a mere shark do? "And I'll let you into a little secret," he says. "I've never worn a sunscreen in my life". Is that the sound of the Cancer Council choking on its barium meal?

Nothing seems game enough to stand in his path. Not the head-in-the-sand boffins of old-time surf lifesaving, not the recession, not sharks, not UV rays. Not even a national airline and a fully laden aircraft.

Back at Maroochydore airport, it's time for the visitor to return to Sydney. The aircraft is already revving up on the runway when the BMW arrives at the terminal. "We've missed it," says the visitor. "Not yet," says Kenny. He leaps over the rope at the terminal counter, and asks if there's a spare seat. The girl talks into the two-way. "It's for a friend of Grant Kenny," she says. She clicks off the two-way. "It's OK but hurry." The visitor is whisked out onto the runway without so much as a cursory glance at his ticket.

"You're a mate of Grant's?" asks the guy at the aircraft door. The visitor nods. "Well, the plane's full, but, hey, any mate of Grant's. Just follow me."

And the visitor rides all the way back to Sydney in the copilot's seat.

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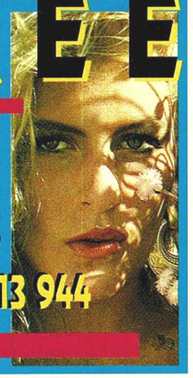

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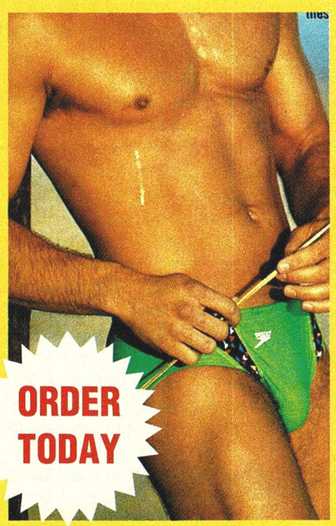

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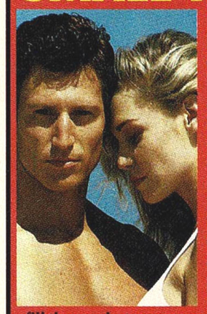

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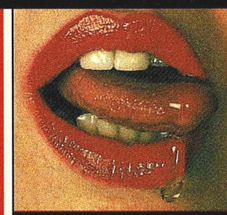

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Backlash

Continued from page 49

refused British historian David Irving a visa to visit Australia and make a brief lecture tour.

David Irving is a "revisionist" historian with unfashionable views that some say are wrong and anti-Semitic.

The Immigration Department refused to give a reason to Australians as to why they couldn't hear Irving speak. These are the same powers Australians sniggered at in 1964 when the Office of the Chief Censor no longer had to list banned items or even why they were banned; the same powers given to the Customs department four years later.

But Senator Gareth Evans let the cat out of the bag in February of this year when he went on radio and said Irving's views offended a significant proportion of the population and that his visit would probably disturb the peace.

It doesn't take a great imagination to see how absurdly Senator Evans' reasoning could be applied in censoring just about anything, anywhere and at anytime.

But Evans' rationale is the same used by librarians on a daily basis.

Five months ago two writers from Wagga, NSW, launched a disturbing book about the incidence of school library book-banning and even alteration.

Brought To Book: Censorship And School Libraries In Australia by Ken Dillon and Claire Louise Williams, takes a survey of 200 primary and secondary school libraries in NSW and Victoria and comes up with some frightening trends that illustrate the censorship backlash that people like Robbie Swan and Graeme Tubbenhauer warn of.

The book's survey shows that only ten percent of complaints to school libraries go to a school or library board. Ninety percent of the complaints are resolved by the librarian and headmaster without confrontation; the same retreat that keeps the schoolyard bully doing what he does best. The result being that in 1991, in Victorian and NSW schools, 68 books were removed from 105 complaints, with these figures being only the book-bannings that libraries were prepared to admit to.

Ken Dillon relates the anecdote of a priest marching into several Sydney school libraries and ripping up a book called *Nativity* because it contained a picture of a pregnant Mary.

Other anecdotes included the creationist parent who wanted any books containing dinosaurs removed, and a complaint about a book that featured a mother as a pirate because it showed women in non-traditional roles.

He also tells of the Maurice Sendak children's book, *The Night Kitchen*. In one scene, a boy is getting into the bath and his penis is showing. Dillon says there are librarians who have painted shorts on the boy in black texta to hide the offending penis. In one secondary school an award-winning series of books about female puberty were removed because they were "obscene" and *Dolly* magazines have been taken out of secondary schools because they contained advertisements for tampons, Dillon says.

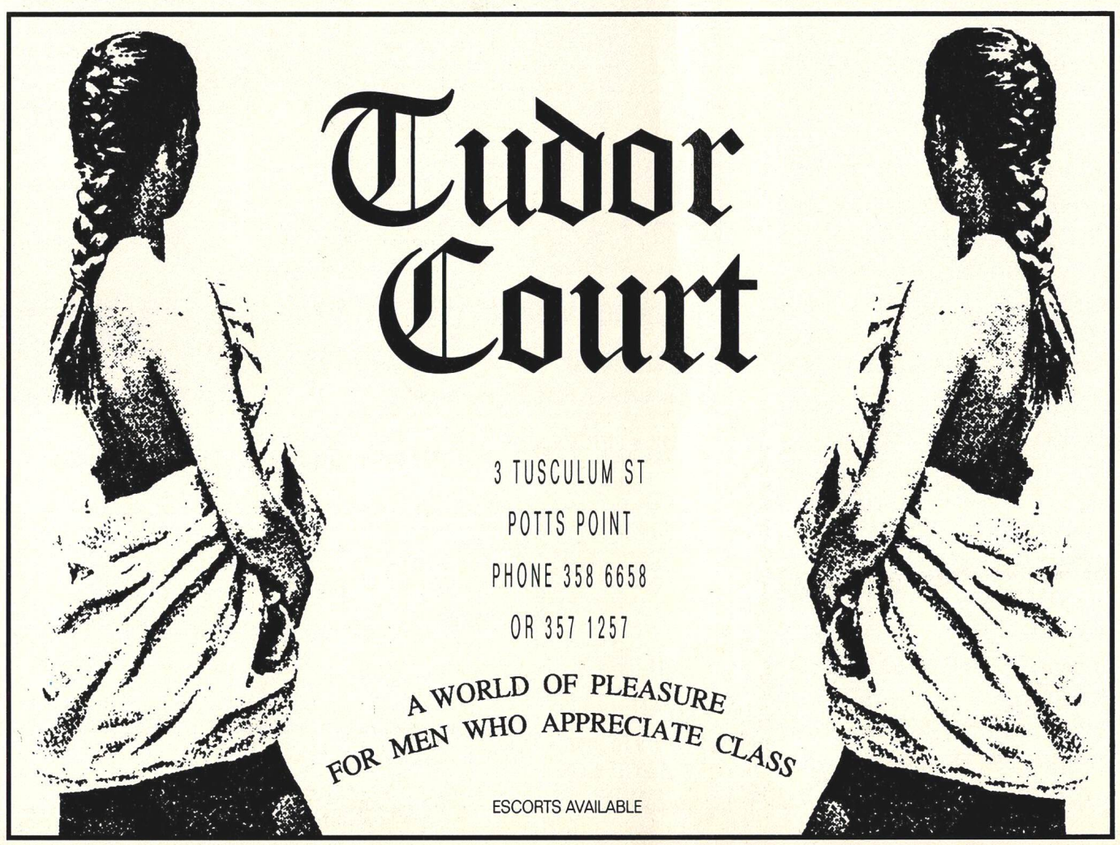
A censorship backlash in the early Nineties is no surprise to Queensland academic, Professor Paul Wilson.

The outspoken criminologist has been warning that a subtle and insidious form of censorship, rampant in American universities, has found its way to Australia.

He calls this "Intellectual Fascism", "The New McCarthyism" and "The Politically Correct Movement".

"There are subjects on campus that can now not be discussed without inciting a backlash. You can't criticise affirmative action or the new forms of English — topics such as race, gender and sex are off-limits.

"I have been howled down in lectures for saying that it is not true that every second or third man is a rapist and for challenging the theory that all sex is rape. I have had 'chauvinist' and 'sexist' and 'racist' yelled at me while I'm trying to



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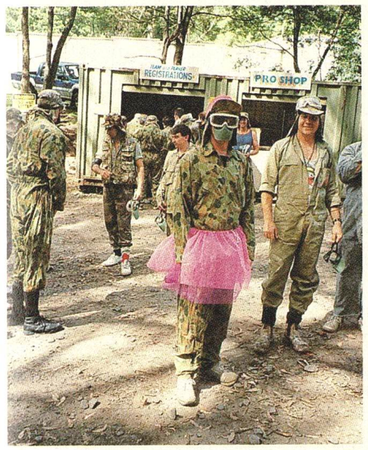

Can you spot me?

It certainly wasn't your traditional type of send-off. We started out on the bus at 7.00 in the morning and headed straight for the unknown.

No-one was telling me anything - apart from "wear track suit pants and sensible shoes" (sensible for what?).

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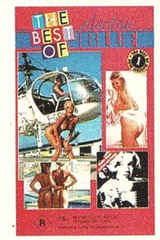

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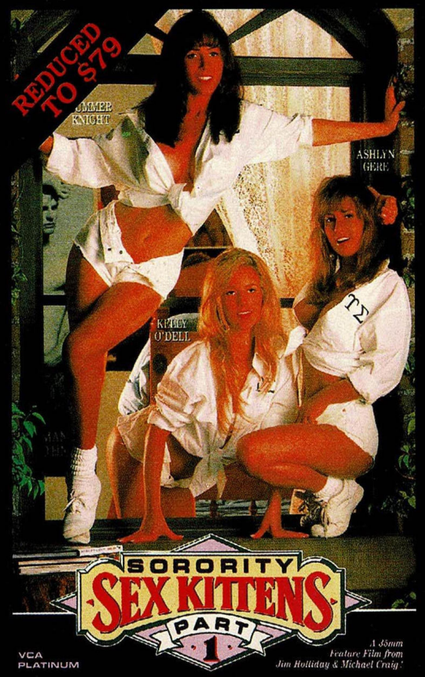
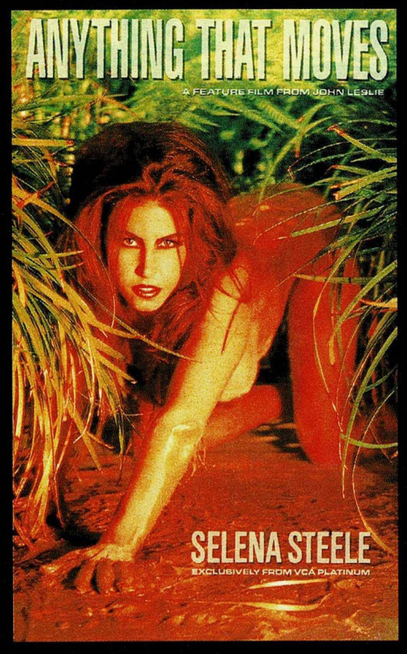


PH5A SORORITY SEX KITTENS PART 1 Directed by Michael Craig and Jim Holliday. Starring Ashlyn Gere, Victoria Paris, Bionca, Madison, Selena Steele, Angela Summers, Melanie Moore, Alexis DeVeil, Kelly O'Dell, Shayla LaVeaux, Shawnee Cates, Teri Divet, Lacy Rose, Tiffany Mynx, Summer Knight, Stacy Nichols, Tim Lake, T.T. Boy, Jon Dough, Peter North, Mike Horner and Tony Martino. From the opening scene of Madison seducing Mike Horner, to the concluding fabulous feast of a spectacularly sexy all girl orgy, with all of the female stars listed above, the likes of which you have never seen, this is 83 seamless minutes of story, sex, and character. Though all involved deserve credit, the script, written by Jim Holliday, is the heart of the achievement. The story is a mystery, driven as much by credible characters and well integrated sex scenes as by plot elements. The screenplay shines with genuine wit. The camera work is never obtrusive but imaginative and stimulating, the handling of actors, the pacing are all flawless. The storyline ... straight from the U.S. pack-cette... Eighteen years have passed and the Upsilon Sigma Sorority is still around making sexual waves at Lost River College. This time around, it's a case of disappearing dudes as the hottest studs on campus turn up missing, one by one. Are our oversexed sorority sisters behind it? Will their enemies discover their secret? Does a 13 girl orgy tickle your fancy? Have you ever seen a cast this big? THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST ADULT FEATURE FILM EVER PRODUCED!!! Running time - 83 minutes. $79.



PH5B ANYTHING THAT MOVES Directed by John Leslie. Starring Selena Steele, Tracey Winn, Cassidy, Heidi Keat, Randy Spears, Tim Lake, Tim Santicaro, Nick E... Steve Drake, Lee Chandler and Melody Moore. This is a real nitty murder mystery that focuses not so much on whodunnit but why did they do it... put together by a team of professionals it is pure and convincing feature film which will stand the test of time. Selena is spectacular, Tracey is terrific, put them together and you get the dirtiest dancing duo ever to hit a strip club. And when these girls get wild, they get into trouble. BIG trouble. This is an erotic masterpiece that makes Thelma and Louise look like a couple of girl scouts!!! First class adult entertainment which is a strong candidate for this years BEST FILM. DON'T MISS IT. 91 min $59

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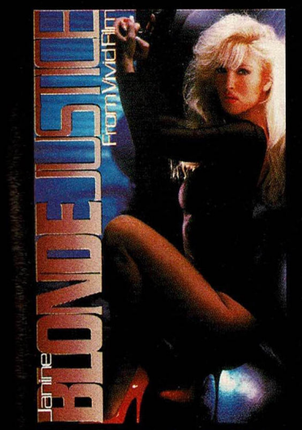
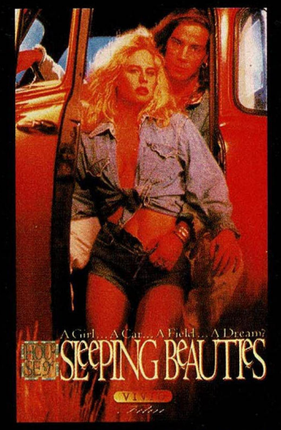
PH5C THE MASSEUSE A story involving the dilemma of Randy Spears, who seems to have fallen madly in love with his masseuse, along with the idea that this is reality - not a massage parlor. A fascinating, well constructed and sensitive movie that will excite you. A major award winning feature film that will stand the test of time. HIGHLY RECOMMENED for couples and for viewers looking for both storyline and pure Erotica. 86 Minutes. $59



PH5D BLONDE JUSTICE Part 1 Directed by Paul Thomas. Starring Janine, Summer Knight, Alex Jordan, Tiffany Mynx, Jessica Fox, Lacy Rose, Tony Tedeschi, Nick Ragu, Tim Lake, Terry Thomas, Paul Thomas and Carl Esser. For those of you who refuse to believe in perfection, don't worry. 1) Janine has two beauty marks, one near her butt, and one on her right thigh. 2) there is a hint of a freckle or two in her magnificent cleavage; and 3) she still only makes love to women in this film. Despite these shortcomings, Janine is still the most gorgeous woman in adult film today, and maybe ever! This film overcomes the predictability inherent to the stripper in danger genre to score as a steeped in sex atmosphere piece. In fact, it could easily qualify as a masterpiece. 81 minutes. $59



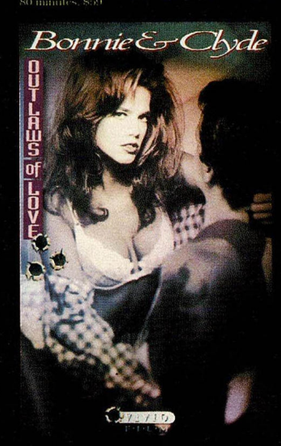
PH5E HOUSE OF SLEEPING BEAUTIES Directed by Paul Thomas. Starring Janie Summers, Marc Wallice, Savannah, Madison, Flame, Charlotte Fontaine, Francesca Le, Tom Chapman, Tom Byron, Steve Drake and Paula Harlow. Marc Wallice plays a frustrated artist. Labouring over a painting...in his aimless wandering, he chances upon a mysterious house, and Savannah ...masturbating. The painting takes a new shape..! This is a gorgeous film with loads of outdoor sex scenes, limited dialogue and a complex and intriguing story line..! HIGHLY RECOMMENDED for couple viewing. 75 minutes. $59

PH5F TWO WOMEN Directed by Alex DeRenzy. Starring Ashlyn Gere, Victoria Paris, Dominique, Bionca, Tracy Winn, Barbie, Fantasia, Randy Spears, Joey Silveira, Tom Byron, Don Fernando, Jonathon Morgan, Detroit and Ron Jeremy. You've met her before. Victoria Paris is the woman in waiting. Waiting, that is, for something to unleash the pent up passion inside her. Ashlyn Gere never waited. She wears her unbridled sexuality like a medal of honour. Every door is opened when she enters the picture. Victoria's wait won't be long. YOU won't be, ever. Director DeRenzy's, under the microscope look at feminine mystique is clearly one of the best adult video tapes produced this year. The film dares to seek where the mainstream sex, lies and videotape feared to tread. 80 minutes. $59

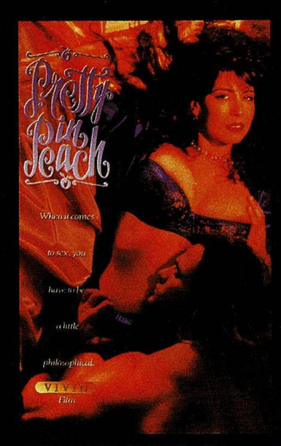
PH5G SPIEGEL DER LUSTE (THE MIRROR OF LUST) From the World famous MAGMA studio - the best producers of hardcore in the World!!! Directed by Moli. Starring Rocco Siffredi, Laszlo Dozsa, Gyorgy Hunyadkurthy, Kati Kaik, Krisztina Szalai and Celia Dorsky. An erotic spin off of "A Picture of Dorian Gray" (Oscar Wilde) where a randy young rake enjoys fleshly delights whilst time ravages his picture in a secret attic. This is raunchy hardcore Extreme, from the best producers in the World, themes include: Anal, Double Penetration, High Class Sex and 3 Ways action. HIGHLY RECOMMENDED (GERMAN AUDIO). Running time - 88 minutes. $59

PH5H CRAZED (TOP SHELF TITLE) Move over Thelma. Look out Louise. Hypatia is Crazed...two wild women go on a crime spree in outback U.S.A. Starring Hypatia Lee and Christy Canyon in the hottest feature to come out of the U.S. for years! Running time - 66 minutes. $59

PH5I CRAZED 2 Directed by Paul Thomas. Starring Christy Canyon, Hypatia Lee, Melanie Moore, Wayne Summers, Chuck Martino and Mark Wallice. She's part Bonnie, part Clyde, a little bit Thelma and a lot like Louise. She's Christy Canyon and she's tearing up the road in Crazed 2. There's cars, cons, and a slew of cheating husbands. And there may not be a happy ending. But at least there's justice..!!! 67 minutes. $59



PH5J BONNIE & CLYDE Vivid immortalises the legend in a spectacular triumph of period sets, memorable performances and stunning stars..led by beautiful Racquel Darrian and the sultry Ashlyn Gere. Beautiful outdoor scenery and sex. AN ABSOLUTE MUST FOR EVERY FAN OF ADULT ... AND EVERY FAN OF FILM.!!! PERFECT FOR COUPLES.! 74 minutes. $59



PH5K PRETTY IN PEACH Written and Directed by Jane Waters (Judy Blue). Starring Christy Canyon, Summer Knights, Tianna Taylor, Cassidy, Nick E. and Max Steed. Sometimes, when it comes to sex you have to be a little philosophical. Join Christy and her friends as they talk about motives versus actions, the existential void, and being pretty in peach. The sex sizzles throughout..! Running time - 68 minutes. $59

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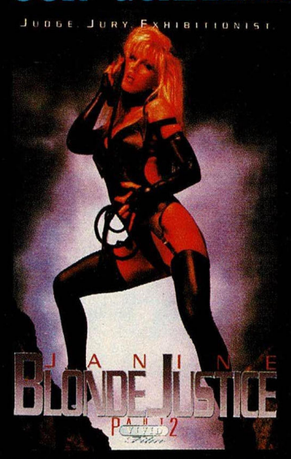
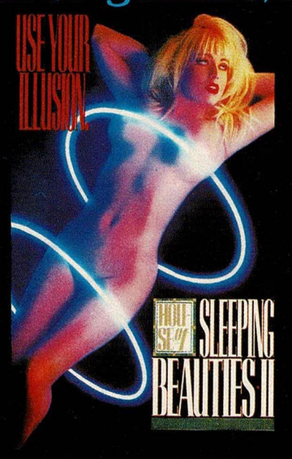
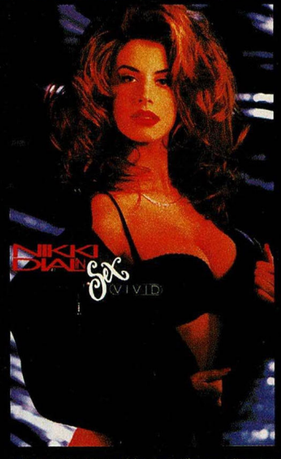


PH5L BLONDE JUSTICE PART 2 Directed by Paul Thomas. Starring Janine with Alex Jordan, Summer Knight, Jessica Fox, Tiffany Mynx, Terry Thomas, Tony Tedeschi, Rick Knight and Tim Lake. Redscreen Janine, the stripping sensation that's taken adult by storm in the stunning conclusion to this epic series. There's no shortage of standout sex scenes. Whether on stage or flaming backstage, the sex is hot and constant, and the dancer scenes are stunning! JANINE IS SENSATIONAL! Buy it now, ...after all, justice delayed is justice denied! HIGHLY RECOMMENDED! 69 minutes. $59



PH5M HOUSE OF SLEEPING BEAUTIES II Directed by Paul Thomas. Starring Savannah and Lana Sommers with Madison, Flame, Francesca Le, Charlotte Foxx, Chapman, Tom Byron, Marc Wallice and Steve Drake. In part one, you met an artist who stumbles upon a deserted house in the woods, where you can't lay next to a beautiful woman and project her into your dreams. Observe how the line separating fantasy from reality becomes even less drawn, as the erotic charge of Savannah and Lana bonks larger than life. Will you become lost in their impossibly sensual dream state? Or be reeled back into reality at the last moment? The door is open. The tape is the key! 74 min $59

PH5N BONNIE AND CLYDE 2 DESPERADO Directed by Paul Thomas. Starring Ashlyn Gere, Racquel Darrian, Alex Jordan, Jonathon Morgan, T.T. Boy, Derrick Lane and Tom Chapman. The legend continues. This time, the cops are fast on the track of Bonnie and Clyde...and it's up to the town whore to distract them. But not before Ashlyn and Racquel reconsider their own lives. THIS IS A SERIES DESTINED TO BE AS LEGENDARY AS THE CHARACTERS IT CELEBRATES. Running time - 80 minutes. $59



PH5O SEX Directed by Paul Thomas. Starring Nikki Dial, Mike Horner, P.J. Sparxx, Tom Byron, Mimi Miyagi, Russia, Terry Thomas, Rocco Siffredi and Crystal Wilder. This story is one more of characterisation than of plot, wherein versatile Mike Horner plays a shy guy, Alex, who lusts in his mind after co-worker Nikki Dial. When a major promotion in the office is in the offing, the office politics start, and the sexual power plays flourish. Join Paul Thomas as he explores the world of corporate sexual intrigue! THIS IS SUPERIOR PRODUCT! Running time - 80 minutes. $59

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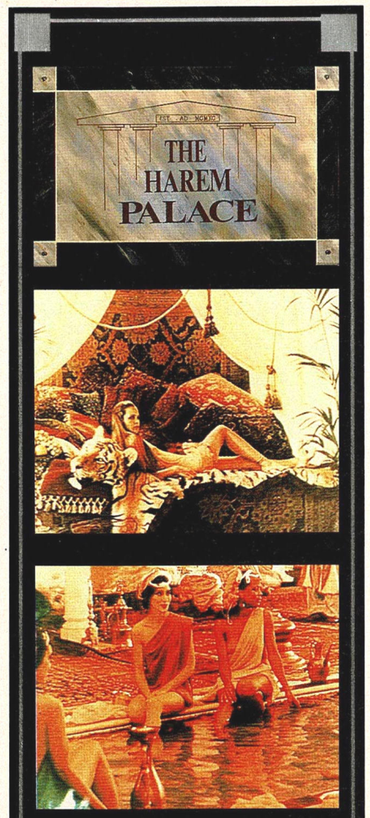

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Backlash

speak. And that's the frightening aspect of this backlash; it is not a debate, it's an harangue, it's brow-beating."

Wilson says young people of his generation fought hard to break with the social strictures of the 1950s and never thought those gains of the 1960s would be eroded.

"Most of us in the Sixties never thought we'd see this day, but the noose is tightening."

He was concerned enough with a censorship backlash that along with people like Phillip Adams, Phil Dickie and Robbie Swan, Wilson started a club called The Voltaire Institute that defends the tradition of freedom of expression.

In line with a claimed backlash against the social changes of 20 years, the Nineties have so far seen a multitude of attacks on sexually explicit material.

Some high-powered feminist bureaucrats have voiced support for an Australian sexual vilification law of the type operating in Canada. This law allows women to sue producers of sexually explicit material for damages if they feel a sexual assault was a result of the erotica. The first action in Canada was aimed at the producers of lesbian erotica.

In NSW, religious groups have declared "porn free zones" where they bully newsagents, video shop owners and cinema proprietors into ridding their premises of erotic material. In some cases, as with Shoalhaven Shire Council, these zones have had the support of the Councils themselves.

All over Australia, groups like the Australian Federation for the Family encourage their members to keep a constant flow of letters to advertisers, threatening to boycott their product if they advertise in *Playboy* or buy advertising time around Channel Nine's *Sex* or *Married With Children*.

In Sydney, four women were recently acquitted on wilful damages charges when the magistrate said they had every right to vandalise an advertising hoarding featuring an attractive woman in bra and pants.

Through the bitter attacks on non-violent sexual material, one of the sanest voices in the censorship argument came from an unlikely source: the Prime Minister.

Paul Keating made the observation late last year that anti-sex campaigners were missing the point in terms of causing harm, and that parents should be more concerned with depictions of violence.

How sex got such a bad name with pro-censorship groups, is a question that creases many people's brows.

Beatrice Faust, a Victorian academic and author, has devoted thousands of column inches to this sort of issue. Some of her conclusions have made her unpopular in academic and feminist cliques.

One such Faust conclusion was that sexual attitude is a function of class. She points out that many hardline feminists represent the first generation of education in their families, but when they go into the workplace, they cannot fit into a pre-arranged class structure and become angry and frustrated.

Faust says another pro-censorship feminist profile is that of the women who live in a powerless world and "perceive a world where nasty men sit around in dark rooms jerking off endlessly to snuff movies.

"This is the fantasy world these people live in, reinforced by convincing each other that it is reality. It's very sad."

Faust says a closer version of Australian reality is a society where 70 percent of the public have no problem with non-violent erotica being available, and where there is almost no violent or child pornography available to the general public. The reality for Australians, Faust says, is that pornography would come 97th on a list of the world's top 100 problems and it is only a very small but loud minority who are concerned with censorship.

Faust fiercely defends the Office of Film and Literature Classification and says that the OFLC has become the "meat in the sandwich". She says the Government censor is adept at putting religious and feminist groups' letter-writing campaigns in their proper perspective.

At the censorship conference in Brisbane, Deputy Chief Censor David Haines confirmed that a growing censorship movement is amongst us.

"From a personal perspective I find it unsettling that the agenda can so often be hijacked by those with a personal, religious or socio-political barrow to push. Pressure groups seem increasingly able, with the eager connivance of the media, to press for changes which do not necessarily reflect the views of the community and which are apparently based on little more than half-truths or misinterpretation of facts or, more often than not, hearsay."

If there is a censorship backlash in the Nineties, then it reared its head at the Brisbane conference.

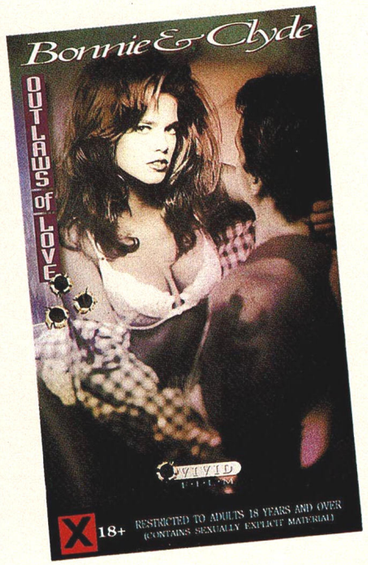
A censorship group, Project Family, demanded to have a voice at the largely liberal conference. The organisers acquiesced. The Project Family's representative's opening line went like this: "There are those who claim that the supposed right to freedom of speech is the most important right available to all citizens who live in a free and democratic society. They are wrong." O⊢

TWILIGHT TRYST

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK PALMER

Candy and Lara had gone for a sunset walk along the beach but before long they found a deserted fishing shack and decided to indulge in the lust they had both been holding back.
Lara took the initiative and slowly peeled the clothing off Candy's body. Sensing an unspoken invitation she began to explore every inch of Candy's flesh with an enthusiasm and expertise that made Candy shudder.

When Candy's turn came, she did not hesitate. She zeroed in on her partner's most sensitive spots and soon Lara was overwhelmed by the intensity of the sensations which shook her body. No possibility was left unexplored as the lovers continued to pleasure one another long into the summer evening.



Bonnie & Clyde

X

Vivid Video. Starring Racquel Darrian, Ashlyn Gere, Nikki Dial, Francesca, Alex Jordan, Derrick Lane, Nick E, Mick Ray, Randy West.

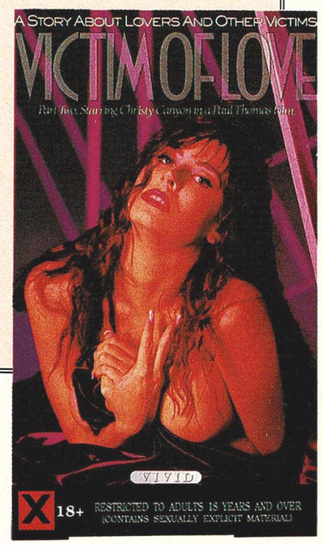
Paul Thomas' *Bonnie and Clyde* is so badly acted, so laughably scripted and so amateurishly filmed, that it's actually very entertaining. The whole film centres around the delectable Racquel Darrian of *Night Trips* fame. She's a barefoot Pia Zadora-type Southern gal just dreamin' of the day she can git out of this itty bitty town. Besides this ingenious thematic device, there's really no plot to speak of. The only thing that holds your attention is the promise of seeing Racquel get fucked. Snippets of Racquel's perfect body are sprinkled throughout the first 50 minutes. Then, after a run of very ho-hum porn — girl-girl, girl-guy and an uninspiring foursome — Racquel has her face stuffed with a large southern sausage. And what a sight to behold. The entire below-standard movie is worth viewing for this one scene. Be warned though: after Racquel gets fucked from every angle, the movie establishes another scene that promises to show more of her, but instead ends abruptly saying *Bonnie & Clyde Part Two* is now available. It's a dirty, low-life trick to make you fork out more cash. But it'll work.

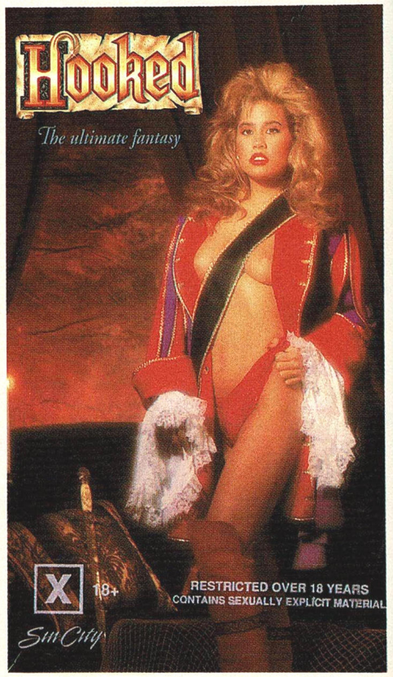
Victim of Love (Part Two)

X

Vivid Video. Starring Christy Canyon, Jamie Summers, Kim Wylde, Danielle Rogers, Mickey Ray and Randy Spears.

Victim of Love is subtitled: "A marriage. An affair. Three lovers. One victim." The only victim in this movie is the guy who forks out hard-earned money to watch it. If the players are attractive and the fucking's hot, then bad acting and lack of plot are allowable (expected even) in skin flicks. Unfortunately, *Victim of Love* has some fugly actors, boring sex, dreadful acting *and* the story is non-existent. Twenty minutes elapse before anyone gets into it and it's a long time between drinks after that. The one redeeming feature comes in the form of Jamie Summers. She's a pretty young blonde thang who looks as if she truly enjoys a stiff member for lunch. She gets down with two studs in a classic double-ender threesome that sees her chocka from both ends and loving it. Her dramatic talents are questionable, but her ardent enthusiasm for two cocks is beyond criticism. All up though, *Victim of Love* is, well, absolutely bloody terrible. Save your money and don't become a victim.





Hooked

X

Sin City. Starring Tanya Rivers, Ona Z, Kim Angeli, Dorice, China Lake.

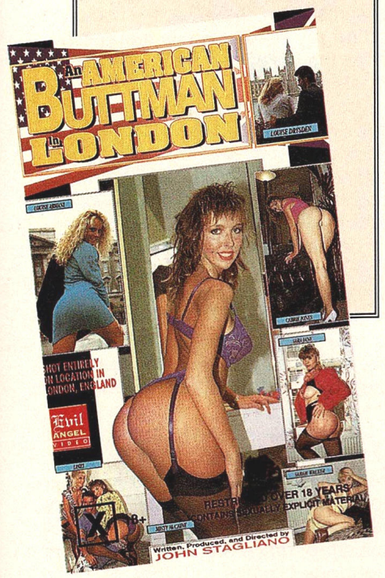
Hooked is a marvellously crafted, cleverly paced and diverse mixture of sex, sexuality and fantasy all enmeshed in an interesting and compelling plot. And it's bloody horny, too. The delicious Tanya Rivers inherits an estate which could be described as a sex-circus. As she is escorted through her new property she is shown a variety of liaisons ranging from straight fucking to some pretty bizarre stuff with glad wrap. While her tour progresses her inhibitions subside and her hormones intensify. A particularly hot demonstration of cock sucking with China Lake and Dorice feasting on a monster prick while describing the benefits of giving a headjob with a friend is all too much for Tanya. She opens her legs and starts to indulge in some self-satisfaction. But on with the tour. Tanya is whisked off to a bedroom and informed that she must take the rest of her inheritance — three men. Tanya is a very beautiful young woman and watching her gobble two pricks while a third skewers her from behind is a magic moment. Well worth the money.

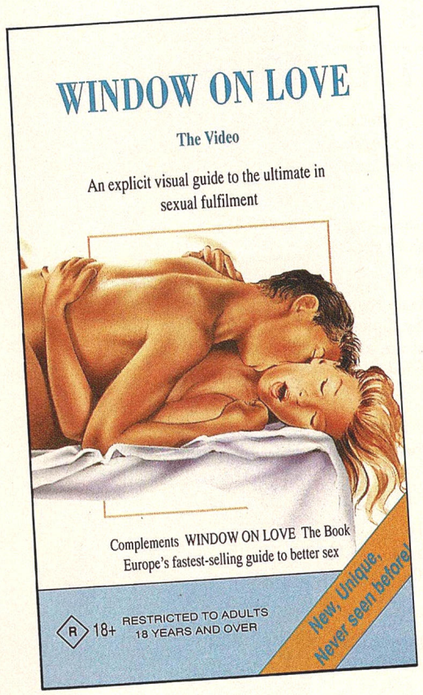
An American Buttman In London

X

Evil Angel Video. Starring Linzi, Louise Drysden, Carrie Jones, Sara Jane, Misty McCaine, Sarah Walker and Rocco Siffredi.

This is the next instalment in the Buttman series in which John Stagliano, who wrote, produced and directed the flick, hops behind his trusty camcorder to deliver a number of self-conscious, supposedly spontaneous sex scenes mixed with a few shots of London to show that Stagliano is actually there. The sex is hot and lusty and you really feel as if you're in the room videoing all the action yourself. The editing and production is purposely lax and this lends an amateurish reality to the film that'll moisten the most arid hairpie and stiffen every dick in the house. The girls are real goers who thankfully don't try to act. Rather, they only do what they do best and that is fuck, suck, blow and hump anything that moves. The highlight of this flick is a scorching threesome with Louise Armani, Sara Jane and Rocco Siffredi. The two girls indulge in a healthy helping of Nature's tufted treasure before sharing Rocco's whammer between them. It won't win any Oscars but it'll sure keep the old wrists flapping.





Window on Love

X

Crawford House Press. Produced and directed by Ian Penman.

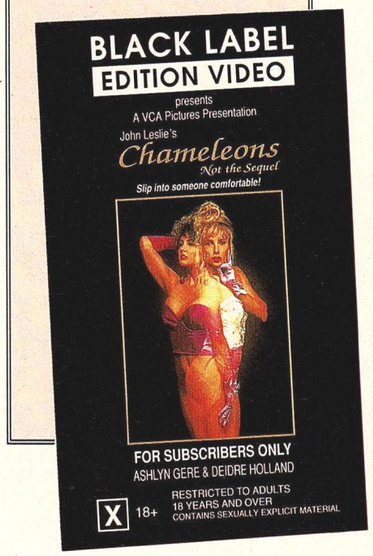
This instructional video details some of the unique lovemaking techniques that Danish doctor Lasse Hessel has instructed patients to use for enhanced sex. Using ultrasound imaging technology, Hessel has come up with the best lovemaking positions to ensure orgasm. The film recommends the ten best positions for maximum intercourse pleasure for both parties. The ultrasound technology has also shown which different sex positions stimulate the G-spot and other erogenous zones; why it may be easier for women who have given birth to orgasm; why the missionary position is least likely to excite women; why thirty-something women have the edge on their younger counterparts and what sex positions are best for pregnant women. This is a frank, explicit guide to lovemaking that if heeded could prove a godsend to any sexual relationship.

Chameleons

X

VCA. Starring Ashlyn Gere, Diedre Holland and Rocco Siffredi

Director John Leslie always has a slight curl to his lip in his videos, a sneer that comes from his cynical view of human nature. It gives a raw serrated edge to his sex which in Leslie's view seems to be just another expression of power. *Chameleons* features some of Leslie's most sensational work, a supercharged, psycho-sexual blowout with great Jack Remy cinematography and special effects that are unrivalled in recent adult entertainment. The sex scenes, especially those with Ashlyn Gere, are masterful. Leslie drenches his footage with gorgeous young, hard bodies, knockout ladies and well-muscled studs. But there's always something going on in the sex scenes beyond the usual fucky-sucky — some dynamic that's a little tawdry, a little jaded. The effect is liberating and troubling at the same time and *Chameleons* proves once again that Leslie is adult entertainment's best director.



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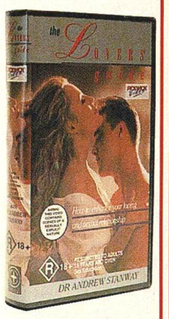

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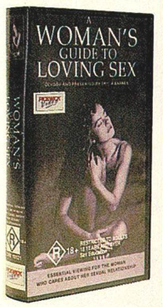
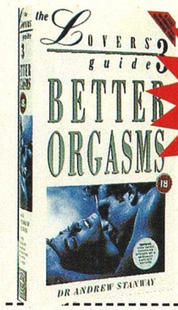
■ A WOMAN'S GUIDE TO LOVING SEX - By Tricia Barnes (BA, MA). A video for women and about women; specifically about sexual relationships from the female perspective. It covers topics such as appreciating your body, sex during pregnancy, affairs and how to cope, sex during menopausal years and much more.





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Forum

Continued on page 118

trimmed womanhood.

While letting my right hand and her nether lips get to know each other, my left hand moved up to fondle her delicious tits, which now swung inches from my face. I proceeded to enjoy the delicious weight and heft of each breast. All this tactile stimulation and Renee's direct attention on my cock had it hard enough to smash toughened steel.

"Would you like a massage before getting down to something more serious?" asked Renee. I agreed willingly.

"Lie face down," she commanded.

With an erect penis, rolling over was easier said than done. Renee started applying some oil to my shoulders and gradually the urgency left my groin.

"Where have I seen you before?" I said.

"Around," she replied, blushing. Her voice seemed to tense and she started some more delicious distractions.

I have always enjoyed receiving a nipple massage. Renee dragged her heavy breasts lightly up my oiled back, her eraser-like nipples grazing my nerve endings like butterflies.

Her attention generated low animal growls. The deeper my growls of pleasure, the more she tried to, and succeeded in giving me pleasure. After a few minutes the growls abated, so Renee turned her attention to light grazing strokes around the back of my scrotum. This was at first a little surprising but after the initial shock the growls started again.

Renee then invited me to roll over on my back. Before I could get another look at her face, she was kneeling between my spread legs, looking at my cock and hefting my testicles in a manner not unlike the way I had been hefting her breasts earlier.

This, combined with some deliciously long strokes up the shaft, had my cock standing tall. The smell of Renee's juices and the heat of the contact had me on another planet. Renee asked me what I'd like her to do. "Suck it!"

The feeling as her moist, warm mouth edged its way down my cock was unbelievable. I could tell that she had blown a condom on my shaft, but that did not detract from the sensation. Renee seemed to be lightly squealing with pleasure as she bobbed up and down on my thick shaft.

I ejaculated my seed into her. I was bucking up and down on the bed like a bronco. Renee held on and kept her mouth round my cock until I relaxed, then the surprise — she rolled the full condom off my shaft and, cupping her enormous breasts together with one arm, squeezed the semen out of the condom on to her breasts with her other

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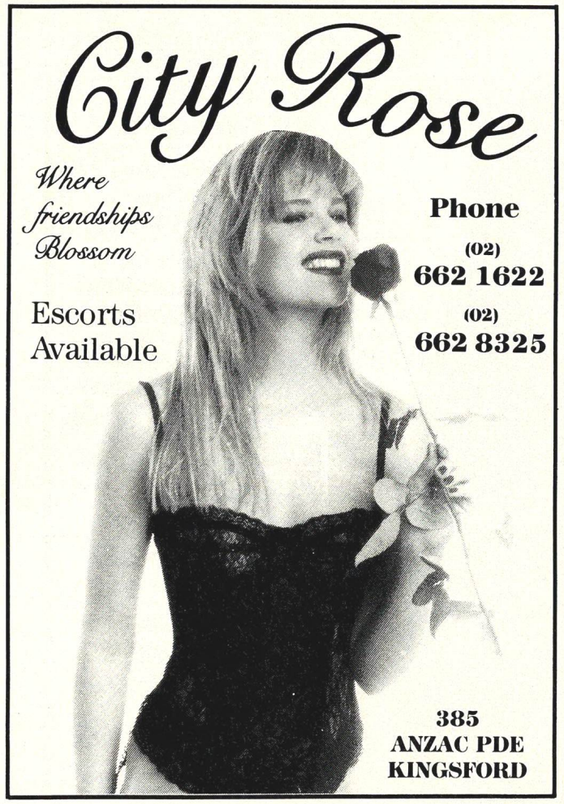
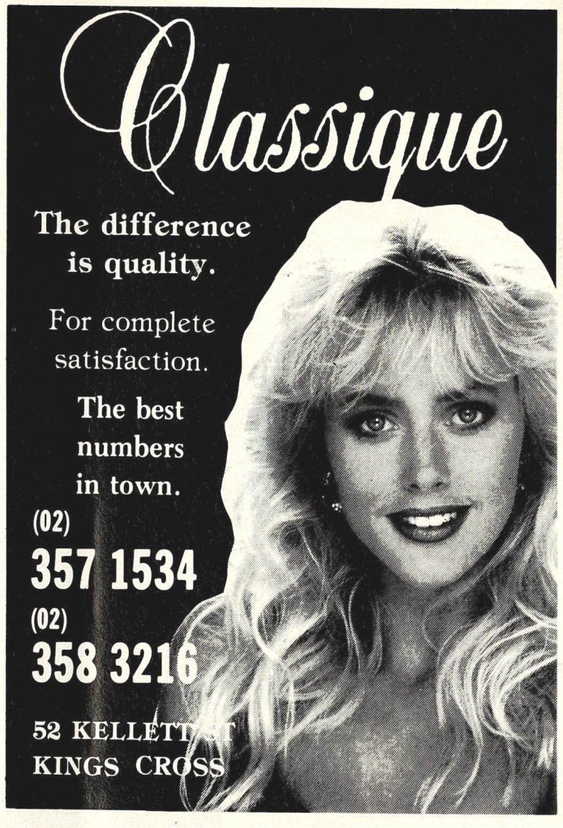




THE ADVERTISING CENTRE (02) 716-7166

Forum

hand. She massaged the sticky juice into her skin while looking at me with a smile of contented passion and wantonness. She was not a prostitute — she was a sex professional.

Fortunately there was plenty of time left, because despite the deeply satisfying, toe-curling orgasm I had just had, my cock was letting me know he was not finished. The sight of her massaging her breasts with my juices roused my attention again.

After putting on this tremendous performance Renee lay next to me, pressing her beautiful breasts to me and snuggling her chin into my chest while pulling my cock with slow gentle strokes. My cock was fast approaching MTFP (Minimal Turgidity For Penetration).

As the minutes passed, the feeling of seeing Renee before became stronger.

I asked Renee if she would mind if I fucked her (I am a gentleman, I like to ask). She rolled over on her front and very sensually drew her legs up in the doggy position and opened them wide inviting me to mount her from behind.

I wanted to be on top and see her body as I fucked her sweet pussy. At first Renee seemed reluctant to assume the position, but I gently rolled her over from the doggy position and as I knelt between her legs she took hold of my cock, opened her legs and rolled a condom on my throbbing shaft. She spread her lips apart and, with her free hand, guided my penis into her body.

As my cock moved up those magic inches, I finally recognised Renee. I was startled, but smiled in recognition and she smiled back then closed her eyes as I urged my cock deeper into her. I lent forward and whispered in her ear, "Hello Sharon." Renee, or Sharon, works in my building in the city. She looks so different in her boring business suits. Sharon opened her eyes in shock, but I said it was okay and that I would never betray her secret. She whispered, "thanks," then went back to work.

I could feel the muscles in her pussy massaging my shaft and her hands tickling my scrotum heightening the pleasure and sensation. I really got in to her — this was urgent, desperate sex. I had always wanted this lady. The noise we were making must have been heard out on the street, but I couldn't care. I was in the throes of lust. A few minutes later, with her legs behind her shoulders, I shot every last drop of my life essence deep in Sharon's cunt.

I couldn't move. Sharon lay under me while I came back to reality. I climbed off her.

She gently eased the condom off my sated cock and dipped a fingernail in my semen and touched it to her lips, made a gulping sound and giggled nervously.

I see Sharon at work occasionally but would never betray her, until now that is.
— *Name and address withheld*

Interview technique

Recently, while undergoing a preliminary job interview over the phone, I was hypnotised by the husky voice asking me questions about my qualifications.

Against the odds a face to face interview was arranged. I was more than a little apprehensive at finally coming face to face with the owner of that wicked voice.

Sitting in the waiting room I took in the tastefully erotic paintings and deep soft leather couches and started to get more than a little worked up.

A cute secretary opened a large door to a lush office. Sitting behind the big desk was a gorgeous woman.

As I entered she rose and came around to meet me. I am over six feet tall, but her eyes were just below mine.

She introduced herself as Ms Jones (not her real name). Ms Jones wore an expensive but simple fitted red dress that finished just above her knees. Her figure was superb and she moved with the power of an athlete and the grace of a ballroom dancer.

"Now," she said, "lets see what you've got for me."

I layed out my C.V. and folders for her perusal and she studied them in detail while I studied her in detail.

The top of her dress opened slightly and I shifted position to get a better look while still chatting.

She recrossed her legs and I saw a long way up into the darkness above her knees and longed for the opportunity to explore.

My dick fattened and slid up my thigh as she crossed her arms and pushed her breasts even closer to the top of the dress.

My eyes roamed over her body and occasionally she looked up and caught me staring down her top or up her skirt.

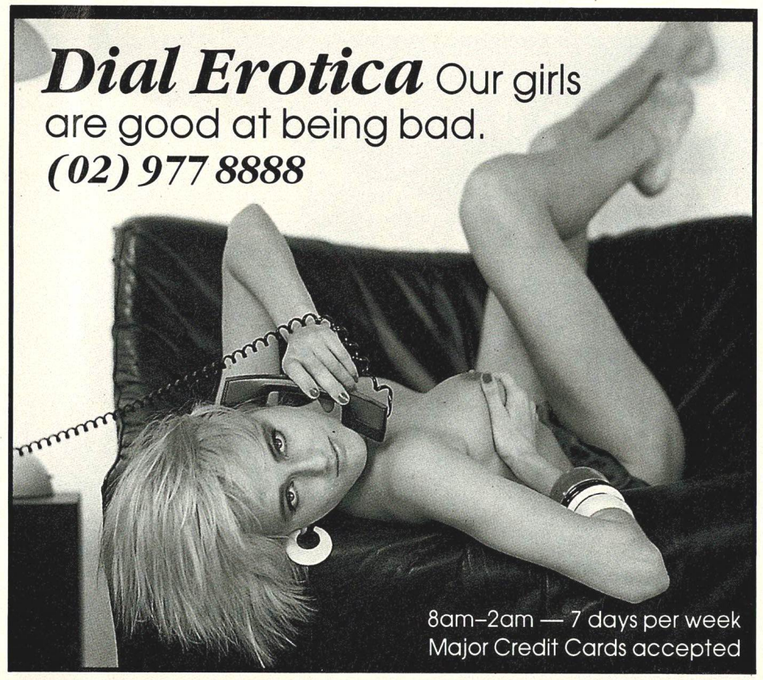
Her voice slowly began to croak and she cleared her throat often, her finger fiddled with the hem of her skirt and she had trouble concentrating on the papers in front of her.

Ms Jones' agitation grew until she was almost incapable of putting coherent thoughts together. It started to become too much for me. I decided that, job interview or not, I had to fuck this woman.

I leaned over and put my hand on her thigh. Ms Jones started slightly and stared at me. I stared back as though nothing unusual was happening. With my palm open I caressed her in a gentle circular motion. I started sliding my hand further up her skirt. She parted her legs slightly and closed her eyes.

I knelt on the floor in front of her with blood thumping through my ears, a cold sweat had coated my body. I touched the clasp of the garter belt and paused on the hot skin at the top of her thigh. With my other hand I reached up and laced my fingers through her silky hair, bringing her lips gently to my own.

Butterflies fluttered in my chest as I smelled her Chanel and touched her soft lips. We began to resign ourselves to the moment and I brushed the lace of her panties with my fingertips. The thin fabric



was wet and I could move the gusset against the mouth of her vagina.

I pulled her to me and kissed gently along the line of her shoulders and behind her pearl earrings.

We stood and began to undress in earnest — the big gold buttons down the front of her dress undid easily and I slid the soft garment over her shoulders baring her elegant black lace bra and large beautiful breasts.

Ms Jones slid my coat and shirt off in one fluid movement. I unclipped her bra and kissed my way down to her nipples, taking one in my mouth and gently rolling the cherry red flesh between my teeth.

Ms Jones pulled me from her chest, undid my pants and held my bloated penis in her long fingers. I rested my hands in her blonde curls and she put the head of my dick to her hot mouth.

The heat that seemed to emanate from her was incredible. She gently wanked the shaft and simply rested the head against her lips. She gradually sucked me down her throat while her tongue gently caressed my glans.

Ever so slowly she sank until her lips touched the very base of my shaft. I could feel the head resting somewhere deep in her throat and I daren't move for fear of interrupting the sensation. Ms Jones moved her head back until my entire dick stood shining in the air-conditioned air, then down she went again.

A couple more times and I was sure I would come but she let go of me and stood then led me over to her desk.

With a sweep of her arm she cleared the desk and I sat her on the polished surface.

She lay back until her head rested on the blotter and her hands subconsciously cupped her breasts.

I positioned myself between her stockinged thighs and savoured the view of her pussy peeking from the edges of her soaking undies.

I rubbed the lace against the softness and Ms Jones rolled her hips in time to my actions, then I gently slid the gusset aside and sniffed her scent.

I placed my lips close to her and blew cool air over her clitoris, it had swollen and was clearly defined against the pink hood.

Ms Jones let out a sigh and, very gently, I touched her with my tongue. She twitched at the contact and I continued to tease her, not touching her pussy at all but licking around the opening and rubbing her pubic hair.

Finally I ran my flattened tongue the length of her vagina, she arched her back and made a quiet cry of pleasure.

My chin was coated with her fluid and her vaginal lips were swollen. I worked my tongue in and out while she wriggled about on the big desk, gasping at each new stunt my clever tongue pulled.

Slowly her gasps gained in intensity until she spread her legs wide and pulled my face deep into her. She bucked and cried, rubbing herself violently, unable to satisfy the incredible sensation of orgasm that gripped her body.

She grabbed my dick and pulled it to her opening. With two fingers she spread her lips while her other hand searched her top drawer. She withdrew a condom and ripped it open with her teeth. She rolled the tip over my helmet, held it and ordered me to push into her hole.

Slowly I pushed into the tight wet hole. She held the condom until I was all the way in, then rubbed the insides of her thighs and pulled on the tangle of her panties — juice stuck to the tops of her stockings and her fingers glistened with spit and lubricant.

I hooked my arms under her knees and supported her legs while at the same time spreading them to allow myself a better view. I began to pump her in long deep strokes, watching the pink flesh cling tightly to my shaft as I withdrew.

Ms Jones scratched at her clitoris with her painted nails and lay back with her eyes clenched shut.

Relentlessly I fucked her, with one hand I reached under and rubbed the rough lace against her sphincter. She gasped and arched her back.

My breathing deepened and her gasps got louder. She sounded almost surprised at reaching another orgasm. I plunged deep into her cunt, grinding my pubic bone into her clit and using my grip on the garter belt to pull myself deep into her.

Our groins slapped together noisily and Ms Jones started to come. She spurred me on with her stilettos and my balls started to convulse, a bolt of lightening shot through my brain and white hot sperm burned its way along my shaft and squirted into the pink depths of the gorgeous Ms Jones.

She was wild with pleasure, she cried out and held the edge of the desk. Her back thumped on the surface and the antique wooden legs creaked under the strain.

I continued thrusting until her moment had passed then collapsed against her breasts.

Ms Jones rested her legs on my back and lay quietly, her eyes still shut but now more delicately and her breathing settling down to a gentle purr.

I rose onto my elbows and stroked the hair from her forehead. We were both suddenly aware of the craziness of the situation and smiled widely at each other.

"What was your name again?" she asked.

"Dan," I said smiling.

"Dan, baby, you're hired." — *Name and address withheld*

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forum

Stunt cock

This past summer, while on a trip to California, I contacted Michelle, a good friend of mine from university, to see if I could stay with her while I was in Los Angeles. She was very excited to hear from me, and offered the use of her apartment for as long as I was in town.

As soon as I got there, Michelle wanted to know what was happening back in Australia. As we talked I noticed that her body still did not have an ounce of fat on it. All I could do was stare at her arse as she walked to the kitchen for more drinks.

As the evening wore on, Michelle and I began to feel more comfortable with each other. That was when she confessed about the job she was currently holding. She said she worked at a small porno studio as a "Fluff girl." She explained that during the sex scenes in porno movies, there are frequent breaks in order to change position and move the cameras for better angles. These breaks can be time-consuming, and the male actors usually have some difficulty maintaining an erection. The Fluff girl is then called in to give the actor a blowjob so he can stay hard until the next part of the scene is ready to be shot.

Michelle did make the point that an actor never had an orgasm with her, because the come shot is the most important of a porno movie, and should not be wasted. She said that when she first started her profession, an actor did accidently come when she was blowing him, and she was severely reprimanded. At this point in her story, my dick was so hard I could have driven a nail in with it.

The next morning at breakfast, I was a bit surprised when Michelle asked if I would like to come to work with her and watch a movie being made. I jumped at the opportunity.

When we got to the studio, Michelle introduced me to the director, and mentioned I was a student doing research on human behaviour. He seemed satisfied and told me to stay out of the way. Michelle told me to enjoy myself, and went off to work.

I wandered around the studio and watched the various scenes being shot. I was surprised at how choreographed the sex scenes were. An actor would fuck someone for a couple of minutes, then the director would yell "Cut!"

The cameras would change position for a while, and after about ten minutes of fucking in every position possible, the couple would get ready for the all-important come-shot. The cameras would close in on the actor as he pulled his cock out of whichever hole he happened to have it in, jacked himself off, and shot his load onto the actress.

Meanwhile, the Fluff girls — I counted three of them — stood just out of camera range waiting to be needed. At one stage I saw Michelle race in and blow this actor while the script was revised. After a while, though, I was surprised at how immune I was to all the fucking going on around the studio.

After watching the first two scenes, I had a hard-on so big I could barely walk. But as I watched the last scene shot that day, I wasn't hard at all.

It was during this final scene that my adventure began. The actor had been fucking this blonde woman for about ten minutes. Then she gave him a blowjob, working for the come-shot, but the poor guy couldn't do it, no matter how much she sucked, he just couldn't come.

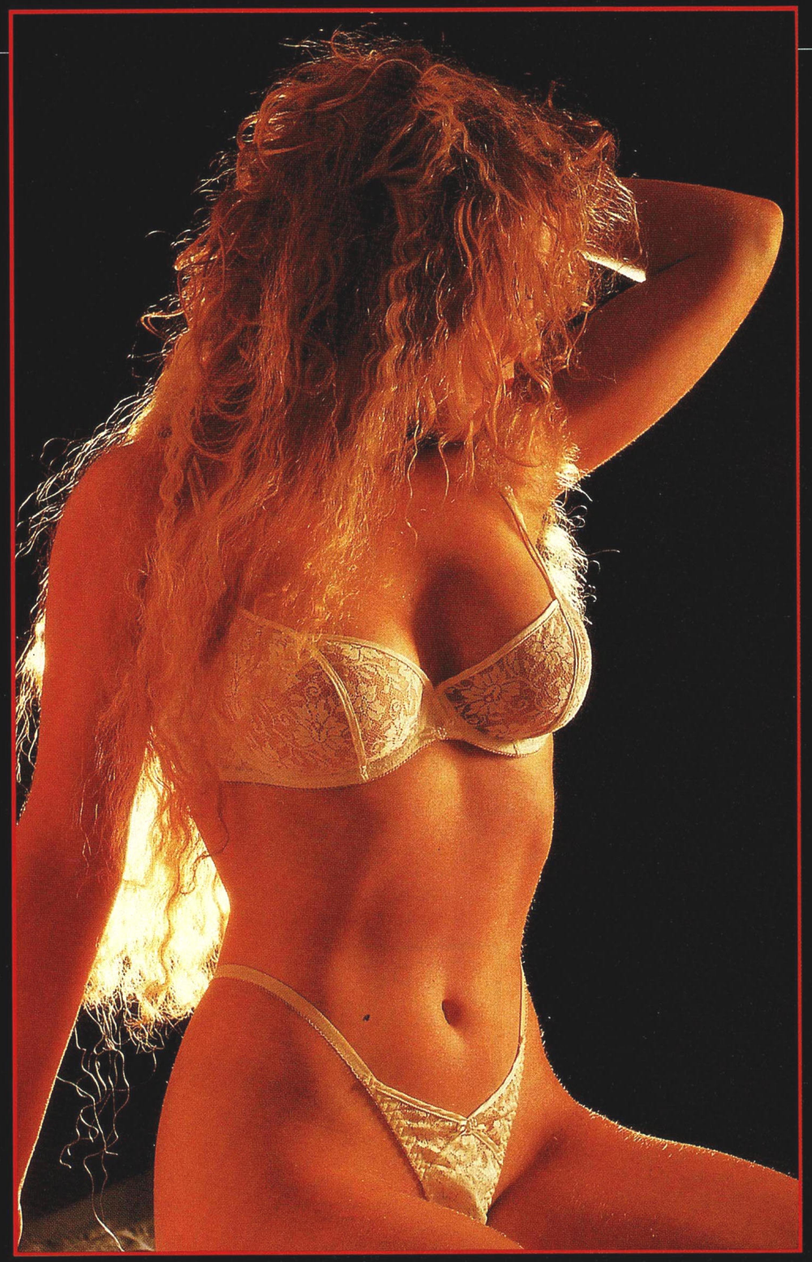
The director was furious. As he was ranting about how incompetent the actor was, he noticed me. "You want to finish this scene?" he growled. I surprised myself by saying yes. He threw a robe at me, and told me to strip and be ready in two minutes. I quickly stripped down in a small dressing room and walked back out to the set. The director pulled my robe open to find I didn't have a hard-on. He got a pained expression on his face and asked, "Do you need some help?" Before I had a chance to answer, he yelled, "Michelle!"

Michelle and I looked at each other, not knowing what to do. Without further hesitation she dropped to her knees in front of me. She looked up at me, smiled, and put my limp cock in her mouth. Her hand gently caressed my balls, and she began bobbing her head up and down on my cock. Her warm wet mouth felt wonderful, and within seconds I was rock-hard. Actually, I wished that I hadn't got hard so fast, because I wanted to enjoy Michelle's blowjob for longer.

"Good luck," Michelle said as I walked over to the set. The blonde actress was still sitting there, waiting. The director told me that all the shots in the scene were done, and all I had to do was the come-shot. He said that the blonde would suck my cock briefly, and then I was to jack off.

As soon as the director yelled "action" the blonde grabbed my cock and shoved it completely down her throat. She

"The Winner"



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bobbed on it once or twice, then pulled it out of her mouth. "Come on baby," she said as she opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue, waiting for my load. I grabbed my cock and pumped it furiously. She kept saying how much she wanted to eat my come. I shot several impressive streams of jism into the air, and a good portion of it was caught by her waiting tongue. The director yelled "cut" and the blonde grabbed a towel and wiped it off her face. Michelle ran over to me and told me what a good job I'd done. That night Michelle took her work home with her. We ended up fucking the night away. — *Name and address withheld*

Dining in

Before I start the story, a little background. I took a permanent job interstate which unfortunately for me left my wife, Mary, back at our home with the children. It was seven weeks since we had seen each other.

To enhance our meeting, I sent Mary an invitation for an erotic dinner on the day after she arrived. She quizzed me continually from the time we met, but I remained tight-lipped. I organised for someone to cater for it — it had to be finger food with a provocative touch and look. I decided on a salmon dip as the entree, then sorbet, then figs and cheese, then whipped cream and strawberries, all served with champagne.

Mary was given instructions that when a car pulled up outside she was to go and have a lovely bath in preparation.

The day arrived and Mary did not know what to expect. I set the table with candles, and long-stemmed roses.

While she was in the bath, I slipped into the bedroom and left a little present on the bed all wrapped up. After a while, I heard giggling from the bedroom and several minutes later out strolled Mary as far as the bedroom door. She hesitated as she was not sure if anyone else was in the house. She thought I might have planned something like a threesome. Throwing caution to the wind, out she came in the sexy see-through lingerie I had purchased. There she stood in front of me in black lace panties, black midriff camisole and black stay-up stockings.

Her erect nipples gave away her excitement. Mary has a very sexy body; her tits are ample, not big, but her nipples make up for it.

A genuine look of surprise crossed her face when she saw the table prepared the way it was. Soft music played in the background. She gave me the wettest and most passionate kisses and whispered how wonderful I was and how much she was looking forward to what was coming. To complement the situation, I had purchased a pair of skimpy G-string jocks with a zip in the front. It barely covered me and I was not erect. So as to be formal I also wore a pair of suspenders and a bow tie, nothing else.

I seated her down at the table, poured the champagne and we toasted our love and our afternoon delight. I then retrieved the first course from the kitchen.

The chairs were positioned so that we sat facing each other with my knee between her legs. Mary sat forward so that her cunt was resting on my knee. We started feeding each other with seductive talk and food. Mary was still shaking her head in disbelief. The second course came, then the third.

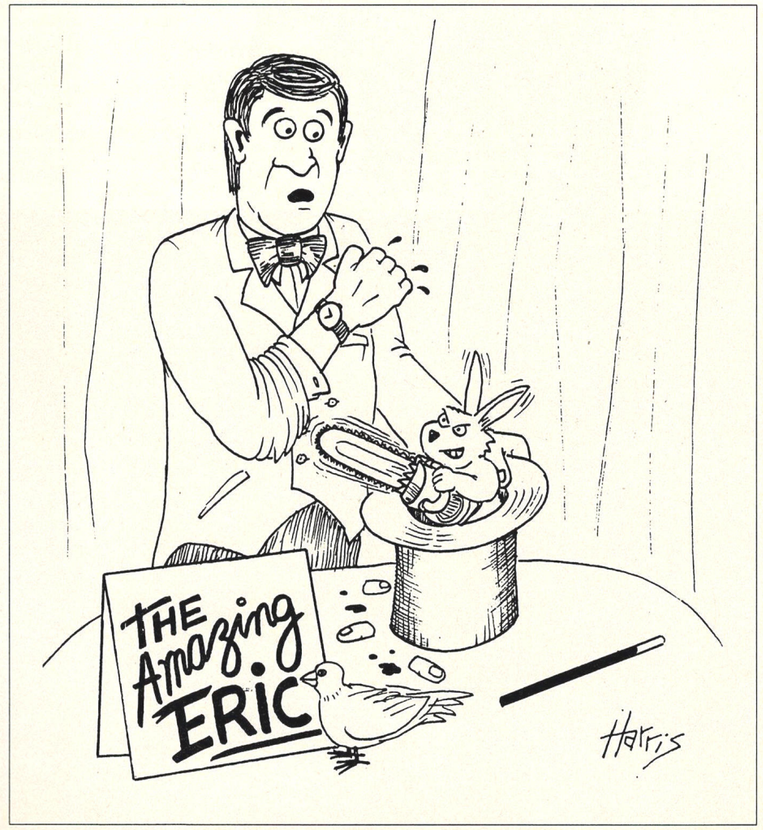
Just like *Nine and a Half Weeks*, I rubbed food onto Mary's lips, chin, and tits. I smeared her neck with fig juice then slowly and deliberately licked, sucked and nibbled it off. Those succulent nipples were totally erect. Her cunt, which was resting on my knee, began to rock back and forth. I could feel her panties were soaked something terrible. Finally she couldn't take any more — nor for that matter could I. Mary dropped to the floor and grabbed my shaft as she was on her way down. I had no option but to follow.

We wanted each other so bad it hurt. I started to suck on her nipple and Mary had her first orgasm. Her panties were soaked and her cunt lips were swollen. She begged for me to fuck her. "Not yet," I replied. With that, I licked, kissed and nibbled her cunt.

When I surfaced, she grabbed my erect cock and pulled me onto her. I slid into her as if she had already been fucked before. After about a minute, I came in her cunt. Being a glutton, I went down on her, lapping at her lips as my come dribbled out of her cunt.

For the next course we dined on the floor, then on each other. It was the experience of a lifetime to have cold creme sauce dripped on my cock and then expertly licked off.

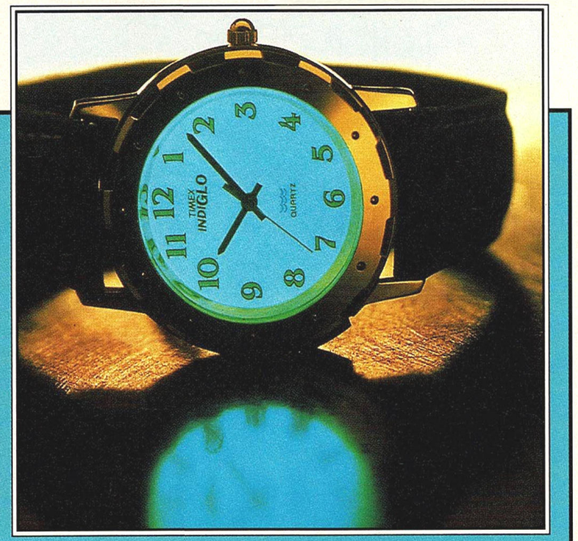
We ate, drank and fucked for a total of three hours. What a time. Please print this for my Mary so we can relive the experience as we grow old together. — *Name and address withheld*

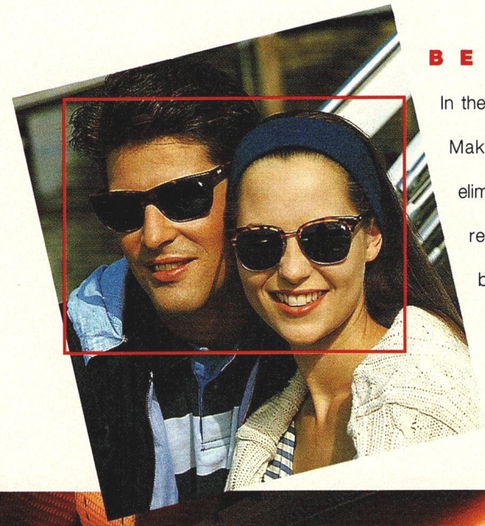


loose ends

Light Years Ahead

The new Timex Indiglo is the latest innovation from the company that manages to sell 750,000 timepieces annually. At the push of a button, the face of the Indiglo is illuminated by the latest electroluminescent technology. (Read really bright.) Legend has it that a chap named Curt Blik, armed with only his Timex Indiglo, led a group of colleagues to safety down 33 flights of stairs in the dark after the World Trade Centre bombing in February. The Indiglo range is available in both analog and digital styles with functions to suit everyone from business executives to triathletes. The watches range in price from $100 to $175 and are available through selected Myer and Grace Brothers stores, selected jewellery chains and sports stores.





BECAUSE EYE WANT IT

In the harsh Australian sun, a good pair of sunglasses is a necessity and Mako Sportglasses have found a way to minimise eye damage by eliminating 100 percent of ultraviolet light and cutting out 99 percent of reflected glare. Mako glasses are constructed from polarised film between two layers of highly polished optical quality glass which is distortion-free and scratch resistant. The frames are made from high-density nylon and are virtually unbreakable. The entire Mako range is available from leading eyewear retailers countrywide.

Shoe-in

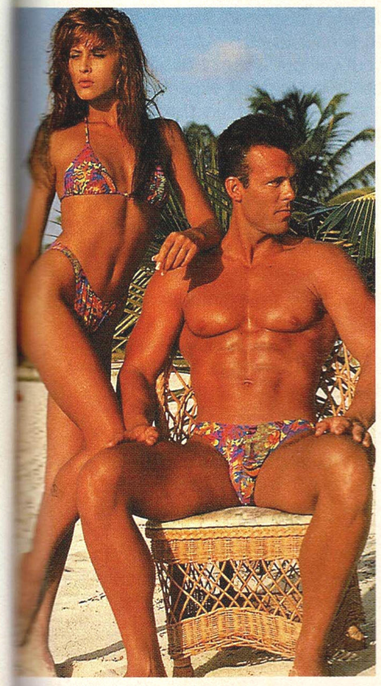
Timberland's slogan is "more quality than you'll ever need". One look at their range of footwear and you'll see what they mean. From classic brown wingtips to hiking boots recommended as the best money can buy, Timberlands all feature full-grain leathers impregnated with silicone oils to resist salt and water stains, wraparound construction, direct attached soles, high-stretch nylon stitching and solid brass eyelets that can never rust or corrode. The Timberland company has developed unique products world-renowned for their high performance, value for money, functional excellence and rugged style. Timberland products are available from major department stores and information can be obtained from the Timberland Store in Sydney on (02) 221 3788.

Softly Spoken

If you're into serious motoring the newly released CSA brand Polaris alloy wheel is for you. The Polaris is the latest European soft-look with smooth, rounded spokes and curved rim lip for ease of cleaning and enhanced aerodynamics. The Polaris is available in either silver or white and is manufactured in a range of sizes that will fit most Australian, Japanese, Korean and European vehicles. The Polaris is available from all leading tyre dealers or through Mullins Wheels on (08) 281 3500.

THROUGH THE HAZE

For those people who hate tan lines but lack the courage or the facilities to sunbake *sans* swimsuit, the Solar Tan Through Collection is the perfect swimwear range. Thanks to a unique weaving process, the fabric used in these bathers will allow the sun's rays through to gradually tan your skin while still protecting you with a non-chemical SPF10, all the while remaining opaque whether wet or dry. The colourful range of swimwear is available through leading boutiques and swimwear stores nationwide. Information on stockists can be obtained from Dinkles Distributors on (049) 428255.

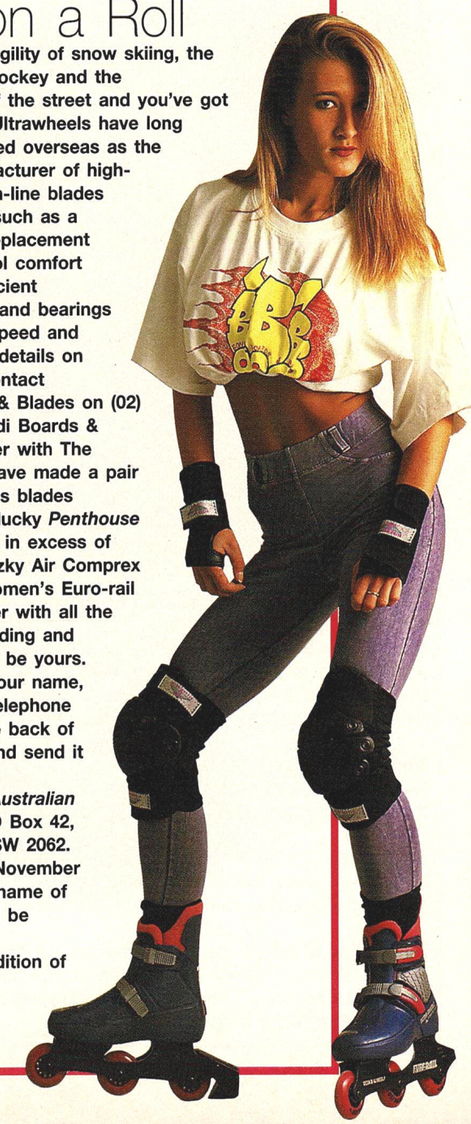


Scent Of A Winner

Former Italian tennis champ Sergio Tacchini, whose sportswear is worn by the likes of Pete Sampras and Gabriella Sabatini, has hit yet another winner with his new grooming range. The Tacchini fragrance is light and fresh and presents an aromatic blend including lavender, sandalwood and patchouli. The Tacchini range, which includes aftershave, eau de toilette, aftershave emulsion, deodorant and body and hair shampoo, is available from major department stores.

Win on a Roll

Combine the agility of snow skiing, the speed of ice hockey and the accessibility of the street and you've got rollerblading. Ultrawheels have long been recognised overseas as the leading manufacturer of high-performance in-line blades with features such as a patented air replacement system for cool comfort and highly efficient aerodynamics and bearings designed for speed and precision. For details on rollerblades contact Bondi Boards & Blades on (02) 365 6555. Bondi Boards & Blades together with The Sportsfactor have made a pair of his and her's blades available to a lucky *Penthouse* reader. Valued in excess of $900, the Gretzky Air Comprex blades and Women's Euro-rail blades together with all the necessary padding and protection can be yours. Simply write your name, address and telephone number on the back of an envelope and send it to: Rollerblade Competition, *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Entries close November 30, 1993. The name of the winner will be published in a forthcoming edition of *Australian Penthouse*.



Continued from page 21

and then some as the average small family car and only two inches narrower than the 15-inch wide rubber on Alain Prost's Williams Formula One car, grip is way beyond the levels of any road car of my experience. But the Dodge is marvellously supple too, its super-wide track and long wheelbase helping dismiss the bumps and patches of Las Flores with some aplomb.

Even when driven enthusiastically, the Viper handles neutrally and, despite the lashings of power and torque, the fat rear Michelins are not easily coaxed into breaking loose. Take a bow Detroit; you've come a long way since the Shelby Cobra, and we can almost forgive you for those pathetic old lumps, the Chevrolet Corvette and Ford Mustang.

I discover later the Viper's weight distribution is nearly close to the perfect 50-50, due mainly to the designers locating the aluminium engine rearwards in the chassis.

The Viper reveals itself as a package of controlled excitement, with impeccable road behaviour and commendable user-friendliness, a car equally at home crawling through suburbia or cutting loose on a challenging open road.

From Las Flores, the Viper heads into Rambla Pacifica, and then back along Sunset. At Rodeo, I make a right, past the glorious mansions to the shops, and park 100 metres from the corner of Wilshire. With the top down, you can smell the money.

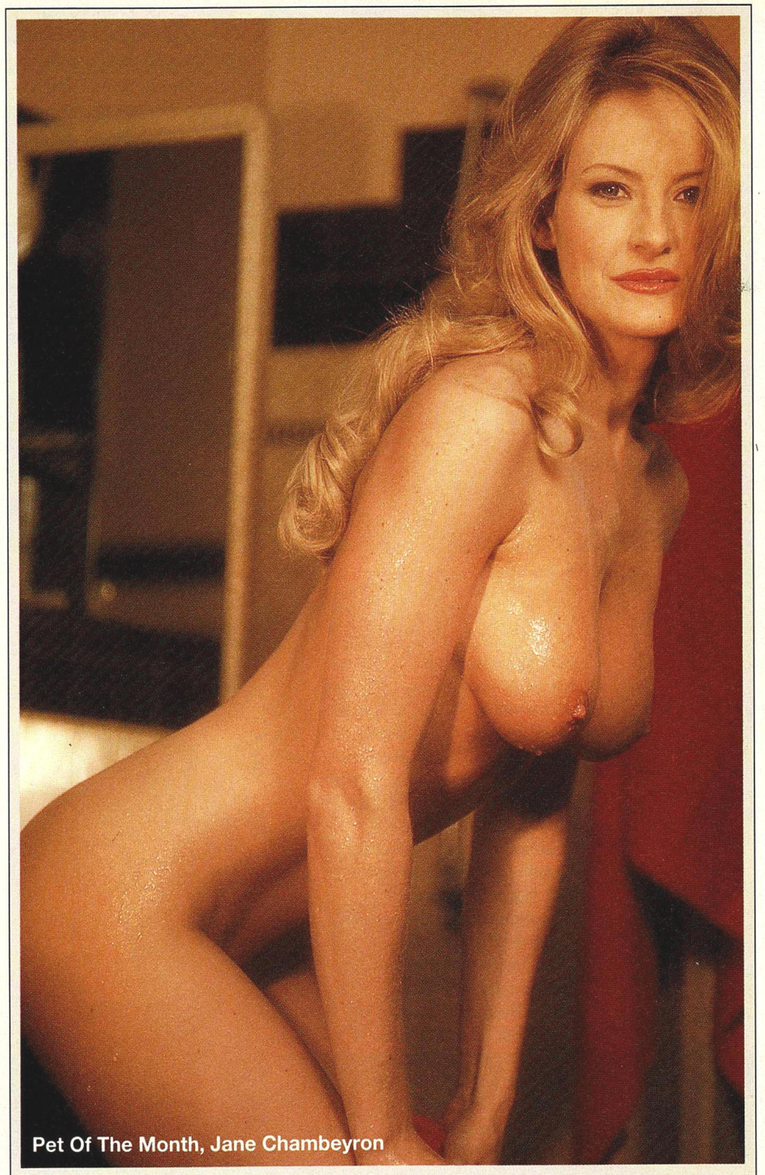
From a discreet distance I watch the Viper do its thing, wooing passersby. The Calvin Klein jeans and Timberlands smoke to a halt. Even the Armani suits check it out without any hint of self consciousness. On the most expensive and discerning retail street in the United States, the Viper has passed its sternest test.

Moving away from Beverly Hills, it's back towards the coast along Santa Monica and south through Venice Beach where a cappuccino at North Beach Cafe, just a block away from Schwarzenegger's new restaurant, provides a pause that refreshes.

And then it's a few minutes back to Marina Del Rey. The end of a sweet day in a goldfish bowl.

Eat out your heart, Mr Kidman.

Will the Viper make it Down Under? Maybe. Detroit is making it only in left-hand drive, but the local Chrysler-Jeep importer hasn't ruled out bringing in a few, converting them to right drive and flogging them for about $130,000. With domestic demand outstripping supply, the hurdle could be getting Chrysler to allocate that few for Oz.



Pet Of The Month, Jane Chambeyron

INSIDE DECEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Male Order Bride — Women's groups would have us believe that men who want Asian brides are drunks and wife-bashers. In the December issue of *Australian Penthouse* we uncover the other side of the story; Asian women who marry Aussie men to get citizenship, and get divorced for financial gain.

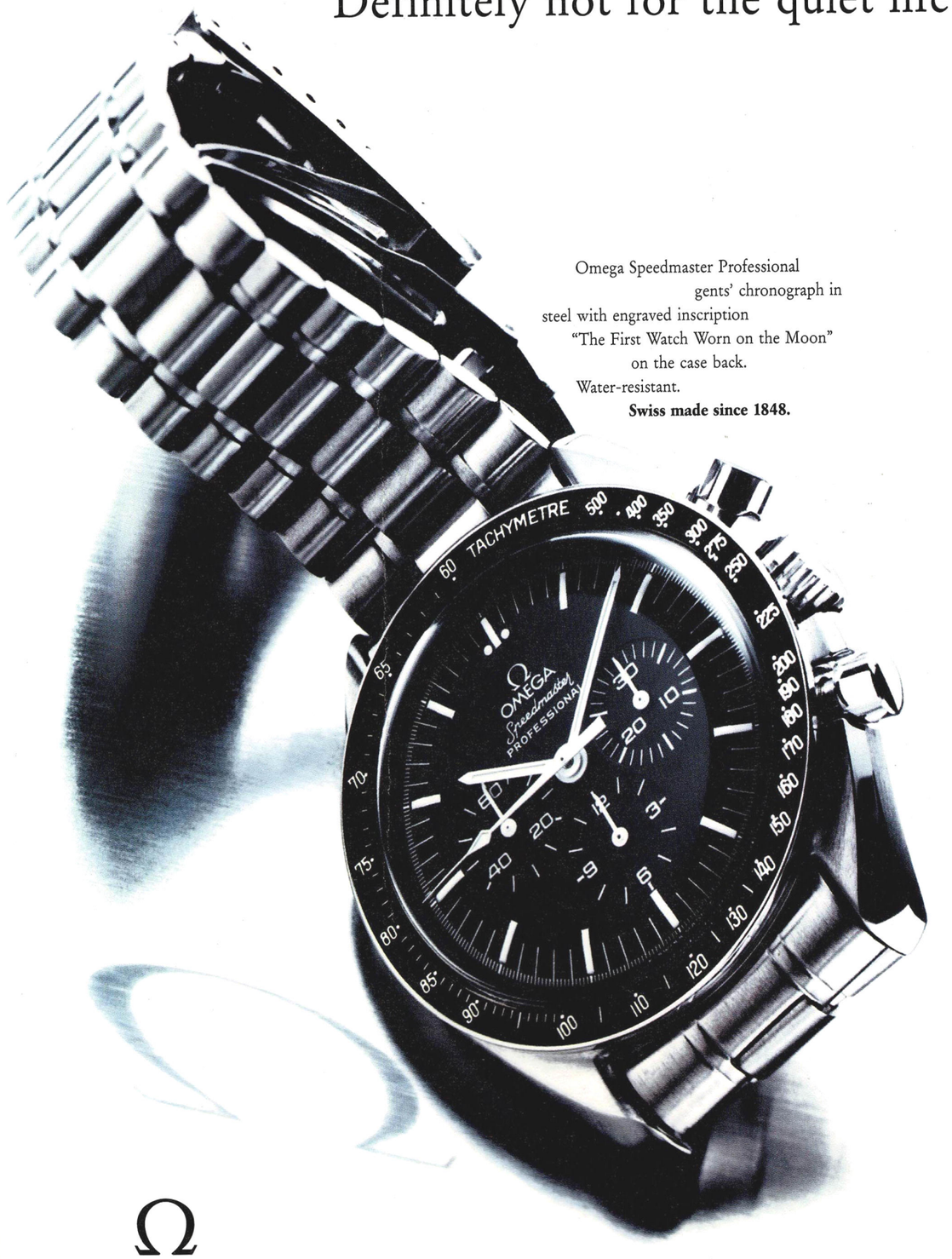
Knife Fighting — Filipino knife-fighting is one of the deadliest of all the martial arts. Next month's *Australian Penthouse* examines the slashing, deadly dance based on the principles of sacrifice and kill.

Taxi Driver — Taxi cabs aren't really cars. They're mobile pulpits, psychiatrists' couches, pick-up joints and English language schools. The December issue of *Australian Penthouse* takes a light-hearted look at some taxi rides from hell.

Pet Of The Month — Jane Chambeyron is a 24-year-old Sydneysider born in rural Victoria. When she's not working, the blonde hairdresser can be found tearing up the tarmac on her motorbike. Jane's stunning pictorial debut is featured in next month's *Australian Penthouse*.

SCHOLZ & FRIENDS

Definitely not for the quiet life.



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